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FAMILIAR
LETTERS
AND
POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By MARY MASTERS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, by D. HENRY
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FAMILIAR

LETTER

AND

POST



1810

1810





PREFACE.

IT is with the deepest Sense of the Obligation I am under to my generous Benefactors, that I take this publick Opportunity of acknowledging their Favours. I entreat those whose Curiosity, or Benevolence, may induce them to peruse the following Pages, to remember, that my Appearance as an Author, is neither the Effect of Vanity, nor of unreasonable Fondness of any Thing which has been the Product of my Pen. As I entered the World ill-provided with the Gifts of Fortune, I was, in the early Part of my Life, persuaded to encrease my little Stock by a Subscription, in which I succeeded beyond my Merit, and for a while lived contented and quiet; but the Death of some Friends, and Treachery of others, rendered my Situation very inconvenient and uncomfortable: In Hopes of redressing it, I was prevailed upon to make a second Attempt, several Gentlemen and Ladies as-
furing

sure me they would not only honour me with their own Names, but use their utmost Influence in my Favour; and not having Compositions of my own sufficient either in Number or Value, to constitute a Volume, I have been indebted to some ingenious Gentlemen for their Contributions, which I have always carefully distinguished by initial Letters.

Thus encouraged, I ventured upon Publication, and hope this will be a sufficient Apology for

The much obliged,

And ever grateful,

MARY MASTERS.

THE



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ERRATA.

PAGE 51, in the Address to Letter II. for *inserted*, read *not inserted*. Page 80, Line 3, for *since for Man's Sake*, read *since from Man's Side*. Page 91, Letter XXI, for *To —*, read *To Sophia*. Page 136, Line 2, for *only*, read *inly*. Page 137, Line 4, for *born*, read *borne*. The Poem ending at Page 150 should be mark'd S: That ending at Page 177 should be mark'd G. Page 201, Line 8, for *shows*, read *sows*. Page 209, Line 6, for *Courts*, read *Coasts*. The Poem ending in Page 237 should be mark'd S. Page 287, Line 9, for *Ubrome*, read *Uhrome*. Page 312, Letter II, for *Mira*, read *Maria*. Ditto, Line 18, for *torlerable*, read *tolerable*. Page 310, for *apetite*, read *appetite*.



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Familiar Letters, &c.

L E T T E R I.

TO MARIA.



Know not, Madam, if I am still so happy as to have a Place in your memory, after having been so long at — without letting you know how much I am yours, which nothing could have induced me to Neglect, but a true consciousness of the Hazard I run in writing to a Person of your distinguished Taste and Judgment: However I find myself too agreeably flattered with what a

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Corres-

Correspondence like yours must afford me, any longer to deprive myself of the Advantage : Upon due Reflexion, I had rather one of your just Turn of Thought should have Reason to complain of my Wit, than my Heart ; for Wit is a shining Perfection, the immediate Gift of Heaven, not in our own Power to acquire, but sincere we certainly may be ; that depends upon ourselves, therefore of this I dare venture to assure you, that though I may not have a Mind so well stored with beautiful Images, gay riant Ideas, as to render me an entertaining Correspondent, yet I have a Soul formed with every concurring Sentiment to make it capable of the strictest Friendship : Friendship its most favorite Tendency, but which yet it has never been so happy as to dare indulge, because, till I met with you, I never could find, in my little Circle of Acquaintance, one of my own Sex fit for the sacred Union, and in the other how difficult is it to find, not a Friend, but what I may more properly call an *abstracted Lover*, tell me, *Maria*, do you think there can in Nature be such a Creature ?—If it is possible, and I dare believe

believe it, I am most happy, and want nothing to complete my Joy, but the being further assured of possessing that Part of your Friendship you flattered me with, when I had the Pleasure of seeing you at — and in return I promise all mine, unless you fix me in my darling Hope, that it is not impossible to meet with a Lover whose Sentiments, perfectly refined, may secure me, and my dear Liberty, from the too oft disagreeable Consequences of forming such Friendships, for if this can be, I must own to you a Part of mine is already engaged, and I know you would not have me guilty of an Infidelity : However I assure you, it is so small a Part, that you will have no Reason to complain of that you will ever possess in the Heart of

Dear Maria, Yours &c.

EVADNE.

L E T T E R II.

TO EVADNE.

Dear Madam,

BEFORE the Reception of yours, I own I began to despair of the Favour, but as I have the greatest Regard for Merit, it would have been long, very long, before my Memory could have lost the Idea of a Lady so perfectly engaging. The Apology you make for your Delay is quite modest, but wholly improper for one of your superior Genius : It fits me directly, and being unable to say any thing so pertinent my self, I beg you would lend it me in Excuse of my present Undertaking, with this one Addition for my further Encouragement, that I am positive you will find it difficult to meet with a Correspondent capable of Answering you in a Stile equal to your own, and consequently cannot expect it from me.

The absolute Tender of your Friendship is a very high Obligation, and I think it my peculiar Happiness, that you have selected

lected me from all the rest of my Sex, to confer this Honour upon ; I must confess I have not the least Title to it from any of those bright Endowments, which, as you justly observe, are the immediate Gift of Heaven ; but in what depends upon my self will endeavour to deserve it, the highest Esteem, a constant Affection, and strict Sincerity are what you may always be assured of from her who knows how to value a Soul so nobly formed as yours, and I hope so to improve my self, by a frequent Correspondence with you, as to become more worthy your Regard.

It is an Argument of Humility when you condescend to ask my Opinion in any Thing, but where the Heart is interested on one Side of the Question, the most judicious Person may err, so I shall make no Scruple of sending my Thoughts freely, but am sorry I must contradict your Inclination in what would give you so sensible a Pleasure. For an *abstracted Lover* is so contrary to the known Laws of the Creation, that I fear you will never meet with one in this World of *Incarnates*, what the upper Regions afford I know not,

amongst Angels and pure impassive Spirits there may be such a celestial Creature, but I believe no where else, except you will allow Friends of the same Sex to come under that Denomination ;—Is it possible, Madam, to freeze under the fiercest Rays of the meridian Sun ? For a Man to plunge in Flames and not be scorched, to gaze on Beauty and not feel its Influence ! to be admitted to, and freely correspond with the Woman he prefers to all others, one who is truly amiable, who has Charms to inflame the coldest Heart, and yet not love ! tell me, Madam, is it possible ? Perhaps you will say, he may love, and recite the two following favourite Lines,

“He may admire me all the Ways he can,

“Give me the Lover, but keep back the Man.”

but consider, Madam, this is only a Lady's Grant and Request, not subscribed to by the other Party ; I own the First will be readily accepted, but the Latter never complied with, for if a Man be really in Love, what will the Effects be but the Effects of Love, which need no Explanation ;

tion; will he, can he throw off the strongest Propensities of his Nature, and live continually racked by a Passion, the Gratification of which would be his Happiness? Will he not rather apply to his Friend for Relief, in whose Bosom he is sure to meet with Advocates; Esteem and Pity, those near Allies of Love, will plead tenderly, I may say effectually in his Behalf; I could greatly enlarge upon this Subject, but fear I have already been too tedious.

I beg leave to assure you, that I have said nothing with a Design of engrossing your Heart to my self, for it would give me unspeakable Pain to render another Person miserable, I am far from desiring you to slight a Man of Merit (and such I am sure he must be who can inspire *E-vadne* with Sentiments in his Favour) you may value and esteem him as much as you please, and receive him as a Friend, but such a Friend as may one Day be your Husband. I know this sounds very gross to a young Lady of your refined Notions, but without such a View I beseech you never to enter into any tender Engagement with

the other Sex, believe me, Madam, it is dangerous, and I would not have you deceived by chimerical Ideas of an *abstracted Lover*, for that there is no such Thing is the real Opinion of

Madam,

Your faithful Friend

and obedient Servant,

MARIA.

L E T T E R III.

TO MARIA.

TH E R E are certain Persons whose Esteem one is always glad of, and the agreeable Manner in which you assure me of a Part in yours would alone engage me to desire it with Eagerness, though I were a Stranger to a Merit too conspicuous to suffer a Person to be insensible of it upon the slightest Acquaintance, and of which I formed such a Judgment in those few Moments I was favoured with your Conversation, as will make me the rest of my Life regard your Friendship as a singular

gular Happiness, and your Correspondence will form one of my greatest Pleasures, if you are obliging enough to continue it to one who has as little to entitle her to your Regard, as to those Encomiums you so lavishly throw upon her, which are such that I am terribly alarmed lest they should lead me into a Weakness I have always with the utmost Care opposed. I much fear that by having so many shining Perfections given me to which I have no Right, I may be thrown out of, perhaps the only good Quality of which I can justly boast, a humble Opinion of my own Merit; for I own I never find the Attacks of Vanity so difficult to repel as when I reflect on the advantageous Sentiments you seem to entertain of me. However if a true Sense of my own Defects continue still of Force sufficient to prevent my indulging a better Opinion of my self than I ought, I shall at least entertain a very great one of your Eloquence that can raise an Idea so infinitely beyond the Reality, and all I have to wish is, that you may at last Talk your self into those Sentiments, and suffer your Reason, as the Duke *de la Rochefoucault* expresses

presses it, to become the Dupe of your Affection, since that may be a Means, and perhaps the only one, of securing me your Friendship.

I have lived in a close Retirement, quite disengaged from the World, ever since I left —— I pass all my Hours and Days in Reading and making Reflexions on the Subjects that offer, but wait for you to improve upon them, O my dear *Maria* make haste, come and Taste with me the charming Sweets of Solitude, how agreeably will we amuse the flying Moments, Walking, Reading and Conversation shall employ them all. Sometimes we will wander over the fragrant Fields and verdant Meadows, observing all the different Beauties of the flowery Scene; then when we have enough lost ourselves in Admiration of the more serene Charms of that Part of the Creation, we next will take a View of the pleasing Horrors of the Ocean*, indulge awhile the soothing melancholy Images, that agreeably dreadful Prospect naturally excites, and from thence retiring to some shady Grove, there communi-

* From EVADNE'S Garden is a Prospect of the Sca.

municate to each other the Ideas those Objects raise in our Minds, pitying such who, involved in violent Pleasures, know not how to find a happy Content in the gentle calm Delights of an innocent Retirement, how far more truly blest are they who in sylvan Scenes conversing with a Friend, or sporting in the Muses Train, can equally amuse and improve the winged Hours; they depend not upon others for their Entertainment, they can always find it in themselves, nor does that Chagrin so frequent an Attendant on other Persons Minds in the very Circle of their Pleasures, ever approach the Breasts of those who have a Taste for Solitude and Books.

You are, doubtless, surprized to find me a Votary to whispering Shades and murmuring Streams, and I know you will blame it, but my present Turn of Mind rendering me quite unfit for the Converse of the World, carries me to prefer a solitary Walk, a lonely Shade on the melancholy Bank of a warbling Brook to all the sprightly Diversions, the gay Delights I once adored. It is only with the calm
Recess-

Recesses of a quiet Life, where undisturbed I can indulge Reflexion, I now am to be pleased, yet in these sweet Retreats how would my every Satisfaction be heightened, how every Thought enlarged by the Conversation of an agreeable Friend, a real Friend of my own Sex, which is what I long sought in vain, and after a thousand Disappointments had left the Pursuit, believing there never was, or could be such a Blessing; that whatever had been said of Friendship of that Sort, was all nothing but Chimera, mere Fiction, and perhaps had I never met with *Maria*, I had still lain under that Error: In short it was this Opinion induced me to turn my Search another Way, and seek for in the other Sex, what I despaired of finding in my own; it was this Disposition of Mind an enchanting Man, under the Appearance of Friendship, so improved to his Advantage by his persuasive deceiving Arts (for you, in Spite of my self, have convinced me they were such) that, I own it, I had almost given away my Soul, but the dear Deluder shall know, if he is capable of entertaining Views and Designs so little delicate
and

and contrary to mine, that I will give a Disappointment to his treacherous Schemes, and that I will never Sacrifice my more dear, my darling Liberty.—No, I will never run the Risk of seeing my self neglected by one I would not, perhaps could not Hate, and it is my fixed Opinion, there cannot be a Lover in a Husband. The most obsequious adoring Slave is no sooner invested with that Title, but he becomes a proud, insulting haughty Tyrant.—Or if I must sink into the common Folly of my Sex, when you can persuade me of the Necessity of putting on Chains, it shall rather be where the Mind at Liberty will give me Leave to return Injury for Injury, repay Insult with Insult, Contempt with Contempt; that would be Marriage in Perfection, a Perfection I fancy it seldom fails to reach, for to observe most People's Conduct to each other in that State, one would imagine that *Alecto*, such as *Virgil* paints the Fury, lights up the Nuptial Torch. They sure are much deceived, who suppose Love and Marriage ever existed together, to me they seem rendered incompatible by their very Natures.—Love has something

thing in it, not only too refined to bear the disagreeable Consequences of Marriage, but it has also a Spirit of Freedom that makes it Tremble and take its Flight from the least Appearance of Restraint. The nice, the scrupulous Being can suffer no Approach of Chains, but those it self imposes, from all others it will be free as Light or Air.

Do not Laugh at this Invektive against Marriage, into which I was insensibly led, but since to discover one's Sentiments without Reserve is the first Step towards Friendship, believe from this how much I desire to be in that Union.

Yours, &c.

EVADNE.

L E T T E R IV.

TO EVADNE.

THAT there are certain Persons whose Esteem we rejoice in, is an indisputable Truth, a Truth I cannot be insensible of when I read your obliging Letters

Letters and find my self over-valued by the dear Author, but as your Opinion of me rises so far above my Merit while I am almost a Stranger, I am afraid when you come to a more perfect Knowledge of me and find how much I am wanting, I shall then sink so much the lower in your Thoughts, but since you are pleased to tell me that my Esteem alone is sufficient to engage yours, I am by that secured of your Friendship though I may appear less worthy than at present, for mine will ever endure, and I am positive none of your Correspondents receive your Favours with more Pleasure than my self, except one of the other Sex, for whom I beg Leave to turn Advocate : For notwithstanding his Sentiments may be, and no Doubt are, vastly different from yours, yet are they natural, and strongly founded in Reason, and if there be no Circumstance which a Parent may object to, I think he ought to be encouraged, especially as your own Heart approves him.—Where can be the Justice of renouncing him only because his Passion is real and substantial, and has something in it more than a Name and
a Sha-

a Shadow, to which airy Existence you would reduce the Being of Love by your Platonic System: But should this pernicious Doctrine prevail, what would be the Consequence in one Century more? What but a general Destruction of all that is Great, Fair, desirable and Good! Even Virtue it self would want Votaries, the whole World would be a Defart, a Den of Savages! Nature would ficken and decay, and one vast Ruin overspread the spacious Globe! The unerring Seasons, it is true, would in Course return; but to what End, and for whose Sake? When all the Human Race (the noblest of the lower Creation) would be lodged in Dust, mixed with the common Earth by your destructive Scheme, pardon the Liberty of the Expression, for such I think it, and as a Friend speak freely, and you must give me Leave to go on with the same Freedom.

What you advance against Marriage is Part of it allowable, but the general Sentiment unjust; I am so far from thinking the Hymenial Tye and Love incompatible, that in my Opinion it is to that it
owes

owes its Freedom, at least in our Sex, who must act with Constraint, and great Reserve before-hand, or be in Danger of losing the Esteem of that Person with whom they most wish to preserve it, (I am speaking of real Love, *not Platonic Shades*) and notwithstanding your formidable Ideas of this sacred Union, there are a great many happy ones, and some within my own Knowledge—nay Husbands who are *Lovers* too. I grant the Passion is not so volatile, but 'tis more solid and friendly:—Where the Man has good Sense, and the Woman Discretion, with Affection and good Nature on both Sides, I could almost answer for the Event; but this seldom being the Case, is the Reason of so much conjugal Infelicity. And what must she expect, but Misery compleat, who marries with a View of retaliating Injuries? For, while her Heart secretly approves, perhaps fondly inclines; to another, every Neglect, every little Mistake or careless Answer, will be deem'd a design'd Affront, an unpardonable Injury; whereas, on the contrary, with him she loves, all would be overlook'd, or constru'd in the most favorable

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Manner:

Manner:—I will not say but sometimes a quarrel, nay a Breach may happen, (for a constant Serenity is in no State to be expected;) but then it does not follow that a Woman is for ever after to be despised;—no, Madam, there is a tender reconciling Moment, so sweet, so full of Joy, as may compensate for a Month's Anxiety, and introduce new Scenes of Pleasure, equal, if not superior to any past. Such Instances have happen'd within the Circle of my Acquaintance.

I beg, Madam, you will admit these Reflexions, and not suffer a mistaken Notion to deprive you of an Age of Happiness with the Man you love.—Yet I would not be understood as a Counsellor to hasty Marriage, I would have no body rush precipitately into Chains, (though the Happy in that State think it no Bondage) it is an Affair of the highest Importance, lasting as Life, and upon which our Bliss or Woe, in this World, depends, and therefore ought to be well consider'd before we engage in it.

What I have said Madam, was in Compliance with your Request, having condescended

scended to ask my Opinion, but I expect you should still be directed by your own Judgment.

In my last I promised you Mr. B's Considerations on a Nunnery, but having wrote a few Lines on his Majesty's safe Arrival after the Storm, I send you them now, lest they should be out of Date when I write again, though I know there is nothing to recommend them to your Perusal but their being done by a Friend. I am,

Dear Evadne,

Feb. 26.
1752.

Yours, &c.

MARIA.

L E T T E R V.

TO MARIA.

Notwithstanding, Madam, your Letter came with the Disadvantage of being long expected, when the Powers of my Soul were dull'd with waiting, and consequently not susceptible of Pleasure, yet it gave me one, infinitely superior

to all those of Sense, at least all those I have yet experienc'd.—I am of Opinion there is no Occasion to be very much your Friend to receive with Pleasure the charming Letters you send me; and did Persons I am least inclin'd to love write to me in so agreeable a Manner, I could not forbear commending and admiring them; I am surpriz'd you should ever fear losing the Esteem of those you once favour with your Correspondence.

Your Arguments against my *Platonic* Scheme are, I own, strong and confuting, and confine me very close, especially that of the World's becoming desolate, which involves me in Difficulties, out of which, perhaps, I shall find it hard to extricate myself without giving up the Dispute and suffering *Plato's* gross low Love to triumph over his other refin'd, delicate, generous *Cupid*:—You say, that should my System of abstract Love universally prevail (which, by the Bye, I never design'd; I'm too fond of it to desire it should be debas'd by being common) what would become of this our Globe? Why what think you of a Propagation of Souls entirely abstract from the Body?

Body? How charming a Change! Then might we see our Sphere returning to its first Perfection, and again becoming the Abode of bright Intelligences. Don't be so malicious now as to ask me in what Manner this Way of Propagation is to be perform'd; that you must suffer me to leave undetermin'd till I meet with a Fellow-Soul so little plung'd in Matter as to give me an Opportunity of making the Experiment: Besides, the all-learn'd Theologists themselves don't pretend to tell you how Spiritual Beings operate on Matter; by what secret Springs and Wheels, or what unintelligible Impulse, any more than on one another: Why therefore may there not be such an Intercourse of Souls, as to produce an Effect like that I am speaking of, and why may'nt I believe it? especially as I have just now been told by one of them, a celebrated *Platonist*, that it's possible, by mere Intention of Thought, not only to withdraw the Soul from all Commerce with the Senses, but also really to separate it from the Body, and throw one's Self into the State of the Dead. Now, if you can allow this, it won't be difficult to sup-

pose that two Souls attracted by the Beauty and Harmony of each other, and which, (to speak still like a *Platonist*) have already been united in some more perfect State, may, through Excess of Longing, an Eagerness of Desire, form such an Union, and so powerfully act on each other, as to bring about the supposed Effect : Methinks I hear you say, O wild Excursion of irregular Imagination ! But don't laugh so much ; for the Notion, whimsical and odd as you may think it, had it been advanc'd by an Ancient, (who doubtless had meant as little by it as I do) the Worshippers of Antiquity would have paid it an implicit Regard as something sacred, and we should have seen Messieurs the Commentators (who of all others are the most bigotted) very busy with it, loading the Folio Class in every Library, with Notes and Explications.

How do you surprize me, when you say, in Opposition to what I asserted, of Love and the Nuptial Chain being incompatible, that our Sex ought only to love in that Restraint ; at least, whenever we own tender Sentiments, out of that State, we lose the
Esteem

Esteem of those we love, and therefore we should always make a Mystery of them.— Why will you give a Sanction by your Pen to a Notion so unjust, and one for us so little favourable? But I'm persuaded you speak of it only as a receiv'd Opinion, not one you yourself approve. What, *Maria*, will you debar us of the great, the glorious Privilege of our Nature, to Love, and own our Love?—'Tis true, we ought to act with Caution till we are assur'd of the Sentiments of him our Heart inclines to, but after that we may surely own our Passion without Reserve, (for I suppose a virtuous Woman can't entertain a Thought she need fear to own) and give ourselves up to the Charms of a mutual Affection, let it be of what Nature soever, whether a pure refin'd exalted Friendship only, or whether tending to Marriage, still ought we not to conceal it; nor can we, without acting inconsistent with Reason, and in Contradiction to our Nature.—Are we not naturally desirous of Happiness, and averse to Pain?—And you must allow, (a Soul like your's can't be ignorant of it) that as there is no Pleasure greater than what proceeds from a

reciprocal unreserv'd Tendernefs, fo can there be no Torment equal to that of having it in our Power to give Happinefs by owning a Flame, that perhaps consumes us in concealing, to a Perfon one loves more than Life, and yet not do it : And, fo far from lofing that Perfon's Esteem, as you feem to fay, I infift upon its being the fureft, if not the only Way to fix it. There is nothing the Men more heartily defpife us for, than thofe trifling Arts and vain Difguifes too many of our Sex are weak enough to make ufe of, and which, with all our Care, they eafily fee through ; for Love, like Fire, can't lay long conceal'd, it will difcover itfelf do what we will. Then think how, on the contrary, a Man of Senfe muft value a Woman, who with an open generous Freedom owns her Sentiments, fhewing by that ſhe is incapable of entertaining any that are bafe and fordid ; and if he marries her, how much more fecure is he in her Love, than a Perfon who marries one whole Heart he is fo much a Stranger to (fuppoſing that poffible) that he knows not whether ſhe loves or hates ! For tho' afterwards ſhe gives him all the
Marks

Marks of Tenderness he can desire, yet how does he know a noble generous Affection is the Motive? won't he rather be inclin'd to assign some disagreeable Cause, as a Regard to her Interest, &c. or perhaps a coarser Reason? O Madam, instead of approving, help to cure our Sex of a Weakness so prejudicial to their Happiness! try to free them from a Custom so fatal to their Quiet, and to many a worthy sincere Lover, and succeeding Ages shall bless your Pen.

I'm infinitely oblig'd to you, Madam, for the Poem you sent me, as also for the welcome Promise of visiting me in my Retirement this Summer, which I beg Leave to remind you of, and to assure you at the same Time, that none of your Friends in these Parts can see you with greater Pleasure than

Dear Madam,

Yours, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R VI.

TO EVADNE.

THO' I am at this Instant surrounded by a Crowd of disagreeable Objects, and consequently very unfit to address myself to a Lady of your distinguish'd Taste and Genius; yet I would not delay till another Post owning your last Favour, the Receipt of which renew'd my Pleasure, being a fresh Instance of your Esteem, and doubled it by letting me know that it is in my Power to communicate so sensible a one to you, though I am conscious it is owing more to the Goodness of your own Disposition, than to any real Worth in me, and you have largely answer'd what I have often heard asserted, that those Persons who have a great Deal of Merit themselves, are apt to over-value the least Appearance of it in others.

I am extremely glad to find you are so near renouncing your *Platonic* System; it is an Instance of a generous Mind, for
only

only the Ingenuous and Noble-natur'd are willing to be convinc'd of, and to forsake an Error, which the Ill-natur'd, the Obstinate and Ignorant can never be brought to do. But I find I must speak a little more upon the old Topick, and then I hope you will be a perfect Convert; for, allowing your Doctrine to be confin'd only to the Practice of refin'd and exalted Minds, (which I perceive is your Intention) the Consequence would still be pernicious: For what could be expected from the low unthinking Part of Mankind, but a Race of Blockheads? The World would soon become a Nursery of Fools, and the most amiable, the most valuable Branch of the Human Species, the Chain between Men and Angels, would be lost and extinguish'd, and their Memory would be so too in the Minds of those that remain'd, who wanting Judgment, would pay no Regard to what was above their Imitation and Comprehension; for as I deem the superior Part of Mankind a joining of the Human with the Angelic Nature, so I think the lower Class almost (if not altogether) a Union of the Brute and the Rational.

Could

Could a Propagation of Souls be effected in the Manner you mention, the Inhabitants of our Sphere would be vastly different from those who possess'd it before the Creation of Man; for, if I be not greatly mistaken, it was then tenanted by a mute Generation of Birds and Beasts, &c. and its greatest Perfection was not till the Formation of that Being in whose Composition the Celestial and the Terrestrial met. However, your new Notion has answer'd your Design of diverting me, which it could not possibly fail of, being so odd, so singular, and truly chimerical, tho' happily enough express'd: And I am very ready to believe, as you justly observe, that, notwithstanding the Wildness of it, had it been advanc'd by any of the old Philosophers it would not have wanted Disciples, and even in the present Age we should have seen some elaborate Essays upon the Subject, which I take as an Instance that Nature was the same in all Ages, and that the modern Commentators who bestow so much Time and Pains on the strange Conceits of the Ancients, are just as wise as the first Inventors and Propagators of them, with this
only

only Difference, that the former stumbled in the Dark, and the latter at Noon-Day. Before I quit this Subject of abstracted Souls, I beg Leave to make a serious Remark and give you my Opinion, *viz.* that disembodied Spirits, though they may possibly know each other (which yet is doubtful) will have no further Satisfaction in that Knowledge than as they are mutual Worshipers of the same Deity, and have each of them a Seat in the Mansions of eternal Glory; but their supreme Felicity will flow from the Contemplation of the Divine Lustre of uncreated Beauty, and every Faculty be rapt in Adoration of Infinite Perfection!

What I oppos'd to your Assertion, that the Nuptial Tie and Love are incompatible, was chiefly intended to remove your Prejudice to that State which all *rational Lovers* desire as the Completion of their Happiness, and which was at first design'd as such by the Almighty; and though that, like other holy Institutions, may be abused by those who are not worthily qualified for so sacred an Union, yet it ought not to be despis'd; or will it be less satisfactory to
the

the Virtuous and Prudent, who only are capable of enjoying that Happiness originally design'd in it? When I spoke of that Reserve which ought to be observ'd before-hand, I had an Eye upon the Necessity of it with the far greater Part of the World, and do still think it, in general, a practical Precept: For the Depravity of the other Sex is so great, and the Number of sincere ones of ours, made miserable through *their Baseness*, so large, that I think it dangerous for a Woman to act up to the Principles of Nature and Reason, for such I must acknowledge your's to be, and will allow, that to a Man of Sense, after we are sufficiently convinc'd of his Affection (which will be a Work of Time) we may, and ought to confess our Sentiments in his Favour, for which nothing can be urg'd stronger than the Arguments you have made use of; and as no body has a greater Regard for the Honour of my Sex than myself, I could be glad to see them rescu'd from the Meanesses they are too often oblig'd to practise, in order to secure the Object of their Passion; but this must be done by a Reformation in *the other*, and I heartily wish, Madam, you would

would attempt it; 'tis a Task worthy of your Pen, and I know no body better qualified for it than yourself, who have not only a Genius, but Reason and Experience to assist you:—And who so proper as a Lover to undertake the Cause of Love? I hope to meet with something upon this Subject when I come to — where within three Months I promise myself the Pleasure of seeing you.

The Verses, mention'd so long since, I have sent; they will need all your Candour in the Perusal, and I flatter myself you will make use of it all in Favour of your

MARIA.

L E T T E R VII.

TO MARIA.

I Should not so long have deferr'd answering your last, had I not, immediately after I received it, been forc'd out of my dear Solitude into the Grand Monde, where I have been ever since disagreeably detain'd

detain'd amidst the Noise and Hurry of a Crowd; but now, I thank my Stars, I find myself at Liberty again to think in quiet Shades, where in a calm Obscurity the Hours glide smoothly on, wing'd with soft Tranquility and gay Content; welcome charming Guests, to which my Bosom never fails to give a constant Retreat, free from the Approach of Cares and Fears, except those gentler ones of Love and Friendship, which sometimes plead too movingly to be refus'd Admittance. To tell you the Satisfaction that fills my Breast, whenever, after being oblig'd to quit my Retirement, I return to it again, is impossible: For tho' it never wants Charms for me; yet with what new additional ones does it then appear! I have somewhere seen it remark'd, that to a well-dispos'd Mind, Solitude ever recommends Company, and Company gives a new Relish to Solitude, which makes me think there is something, at present, very irregular in mine, for the latter Part of the Observation, I only experience. But with what new Advantage would my Retreat appear, favour'd with your Presence in this gay happy Season, when the whole Creation,

tion, dress'd in all its Variety of Charms, invites to rural Shades, when Nature blooms in every Bush, and smiles in every unfolding Flower, while the little wing'd Musicians of the Air, from every Tree congratulate her returning Beauties, and with artless, but softest Melody, warble out their Joy! What is there now in the artificial World to detain a thinking Genius equally entertaining with what the natural, in this universal Gaiety, offers! What Scenes so beautiful are presented to the Eye! what Reflexions so pleasing suggested to the searching contemplative Mind! to which now every verdant Grove, or flow'ry Plain, is a Theatre of Wonder and Delight, more, infinitely more amusing, than all the labour'd Pomp and gilded Works of Art! How transporting is the chearful Radiance of the Spring! How does a fine Day or a serene Evening charm, when we wander in Fields or Meadows, or are seated in a Grove, and give up the Mind to its own Course? It is, I own, frequently a Subject of Surprise to me, that so many People who think, and seem to reason, should pass their Lives in a perfect

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Insensibility

Insensibility to those pleasing Scenes that every where in the Country open to our View, amusing the Sight, and charming the Mind ! 'Tis to Art alone they will be oblig'd for their agreeable Objects, Pleasures and Diversions ; while the pure simple Elegance of Nature wants Power to detain their Thoughts, or attract the least Attention. Tell me, what can the Reason of this be, without it is that some People are more closely attach'd to the Enjoyments of the Body than to those of the Mind, and that instead of pursuing, they seek to avoid the last, which, I'm of Opinion, are nowhere to be found so pure and unmixt, as in rural Retreats ; those calm Joys not subject to painful Reverses like the Joys of Sense too gross and disgusting to relish long, even those of Love that are represented so affecting, so transporting, must sure be very trifling, and swiftly vanish, if the Mind is not of the Party, nay if it dont bear the greatest Sway. Speaking of this brings to my Memory the Subject of our late Dispute *Abstracted Love*, which, I perceive, you think I defended as far as it will bear, and therefore seem to triumph. But, however
I may

I may fail of Arguments to support, yet give me Leave to say, that I will at least convince you by my Conduct, that that Sort of Love is no Chimera—I'll be none of *Plato's* Hereticks.

There is one Passage in my last which I fancy you mistook, that is where I spoke of our Earth's regaining Part of its former Perfection, could it again be inhabited by Spiritual Beings. You say, was it to be in the same Situation it was before the Creation of Man, it would be the Nursery only of Birds and Beasts, &c. But in what I said, I allude to that celebrated Notion of the Soul's Pre-Existence; an Opinion so strictly adher'd to by the *Platonists*, and also favour'd by the *Hebrew* Philosophers the *Rabbins*, who reject the literal Sense of the Sacred Writ, and hold, that what the great Legislator of the *Jews* speaks of the terrestrial Paradise and Fall of Man is allegorical; that *Adam* does not represent one Man alone, but all the Human Species, and that a whole Race of Intelligences, losing their Happiness, were condemned by the Supreme Being to animate mortal Bodies, their Sphere also changing its Form, was no

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longer

longer a Place of Delight, but a painful Exile, where, by the constant Jar of Elements, Man became subject to Sickness and Death.

I read the Verses you sent me with infinite Pleasure; the Sentiments in the Original I always lik'd, but in your advantageous Dress they charm me! You have given an elegant Improvement to every Thought, and infus'd Fire and Spirit thro' the whole. I wish the Author of the rough Draught knew the Obligation (for such I dare say he would think it) you have conferr'd upon him, in adorning so beautifully the careless Child of his Fancy.

I beg, dear *Maria*, that you'll believe me to be

Your unalterable Friend,

EVADNE.

L E T-

L E T T E R VIII.

TO EVADNE.

I Congratulate my dear *Evadne* on her Return to those Scenes which only can afford Delight (I mean a sincere and lasting one) to a contemplative Mind. I am myself a Lover of the Country, and the Rural Beauties which you have so elegantly, I may say poetically describ'd, give me Pleasure, far preferable to those of the noisy Town; yet I must think that an Excursion thither, sometimes even in the most crowded Seasons, is recommendable, both as it gives a higher Relish to the Charms of Retirement, and will furnish us with many useful Subjects of Meditation.—I allow, that Books and Solitude may entertain and improve the thinking Faculties; but Want of Experience, and the Knowledge of Men as well as Things, may at one Time or other prove an Inconvenience to us, may set us in a disagreeable Light perhaps where we wish to appear with the greatest Advantage:

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We

We have each of us a Part to act in the World, and I can't help thinking it necessary to be a little acquainted with it, in order to perform it the better.

That Solitude recommends Company and Company Solitude to a well disposed Mind, is certainly true in the general ; yet I would not have you tax your's with Irregularity for not being sensible of both Parts of the Observation :—You know, Madam, there is no general Rule without an Exception, and in this you make one.

I am entirely of your Opinion, that there is no durable, nay, no real Pleasure where the Mind is not a Sharer.—All Pleasures depending on the Body, exclusive of the Mind, are irrational, and consequently below the Dignity of human Nature, being only design'd for Creatures not endow'd with Reason. But Love is of a higher Birth, a noble Passion originated in the Soul, which often raises and dignifies our Thoughts and Actions ; and that which is not born and seated there, deserves not so honourable a Name. As for *Platonic* Love, I deem it no more than a Shadow, or rather an Idea speciously false, which ought to be discourag'd
and

and suppress'd, both for its dangerous Consequences and inherent Absurdity ; and since you have nothing more to urge in its Defence, I will do myself the Honour to think you a Convert of my making ; your chusing a single State is no Argument to the contrary, many orthodox Lovers having sufficient Reasons to justify themselves in doing so, and I have a better Opinion of your Understanding than to believe you will continue in an Error, when your own Reason tells you it is one, and that I am sure it can't fail of doing here.

The Appellation of Heretick is applicable only to you when you stick too closely to *Plato's* Doctrine ; yet I would not be understood to think contemptuously of one so superior to his Contemporaries ; on the contrary, I reverence the Memory of a Man, Virtuous, Learned, and Wise in his Day ; but, notwithstanding, must reject his chimerical System of Love, as well as that of the terrestrial Globe being originally peopled with Beings altogether Spiritual and pure ; Reason bids me renounce one, and Divine Authority the other ; nor does it in the least weaken my Faith in this, that some of the

Rabbins seem to favour his Opinion, Men in all Ages being subject to Error ; and if we once allow ourselves to look upon Things, related in Holy Writ as plain Matters of Fact, to be nothing but mere Allegory, farewell to Religion, to all that deserves that sacred Name, and in the room of it we may expect to see an Inundation of Scepticism and Immorality : For if the Authority of the Scriptures be taken away, 'tis more than probable, every Man that can read will fancy himself wise enough to form a System, which he no doubt will call Religion, such as will be most agreeable to his Way of thinking, adapted to the several Oddities of his Temper, and suited to his Constitution. I presume, Madam, that in writing upon this Subject in this manner you only designed to exercise our Thoughts and Pens, and not to express your real Sentiments.

As to the Pre-Existence of the Soul, whether it be true or not, is only known to that Omniscient Power who with infinite Wisdom created both Soul and Body ; nor can I see that the Belief or Denial of this either adds to, or destroys any Part of our Religion ;

Religion ; or, should it be decided in the Affirmative, does it then follow, that the present Receptacle of our Bodies was the primitive one of our Souls? I should rather think they had a proper Place assign'd them by themselves which Millions of the same Order now inhabit : But this is mere Conjecture, and as such I offer it.

I write this from N——, but design for Y——— next Week, there to wait for a ready Ship and fair Wind, being determined to venture so far by Sea. I am

Dear Evadne's faithful

MARIA.

L E T T E R IX.

To the same, in Answer to a Letter not inserted.

Dear Madam,

YOUR last Favour came to Hand about two Hours before I left —, We embark'd about Eleven on *Thursday* Night,

Night, and reach'd our Port about Nine the next Evening ; I have taken a Place in the Coach for ——, where I must stay a few Months with my good Friend Mrs. L——, before I can give myself the much desired Pleasure of visiting you in your Retirement ; a Pleasure I more impatiently wish for, since you have so generously, and with such an open Sincerity, communicated the true State of your Mind. And I believe I may, without Vanity, say you have not done it to an improper Person ; for my Temper is friendly and sympathetic, and 'tis impossible for me to read the Distress of one I so highly value, without being a Sharer in it. I am far from thinking it a Crime to love a worthy Object ; and from hence I conclude, that the Gentleman who has the Honour to be belov'd by you, has not only a great deal of personal Merit, but also that the Passion is reciprocal, (else he is not worthy) and consequently there must be some severe Circumstance, as yet unknown to me, to cause such painful Conflicts, and press so powerfully on your Spirits ; for mutual virtuous Love must certainly be mutual Happiness, where
nothing

nothing appears to contradict its Wishes; and therefore I'm induc'd to believe, that the wicked Machination of some malicious Enemy has too successfully oppos'd you. The Tempests you complain of in your Bosom confirm me in my former Opinion, that you are Mistress of too much Reason, to continue any longer a Disciple of *Plato*, for *Platonic Love* having only an airy Existence in the *Imagination*, may always continue *there* in Spite of any Opposition; and that Love which is of a different Nature, ought not to be called *low* and *base* (as you are pleas'd to term it) for surely a Passion that includes Friendship, though it may include more, merits a nobler Name; believe me, Madam, I greatly pity those who suffer by it, and am very sensible, that though the Tenderness of a kind and faithful Friend may alleviate, 'tis *Reason* and *Religion* only can overcome the vast Distress.

I am much oblig'd both to yourself, and to the young Gentleman your Brother, for the Compliment of coming to meet me at ———; but for the Reasons in the
first

first Part of my Letter cannot accept of it. I am

Dear Evadne's

Very affectionate

and faithful Friend,

MARIA,

L E T T E R X.

To the same, in Answer to another not inserted.

IT was with the strongest Emotions of Compassion, and not without Tears, I read your last Favour.

Each bears her own, and th' others
Suff'rings too,

This cruel Wonder can high Friendship
do !

These Lines, which I have somewhere
seen, are truly applicable to my Sensa-
tions of your Misfortunes ; my Temper
is

is warm, active, and deeply susceptible of the Sorrows of my Friend: the Law of Kindness is in my Heart, and I have often asserted, (what I really believ'd) that the Seeds of Affection in me were more powerful than in any other Person; but I am now convinc'd I was mistaken, and must acknowledge, that my dear *Evadne* has a Soul purified and softened for Love and Friendship, even to the extremest Degree of Tenderness; and as I am the happy Object of your Friendship, I am the more sensible of your Sufferings in your Love, and ardently wish it was in my Power to administer Relief.

Soon should thy faithful aching Heart have
Rest,
And *thou*, with all *thy* Soul's Desire be
blest.

But this being out of my Power to procure, I fear nothing I can say will be of Service: yet I must beg Leave to tell you, that you are too fond of your Disease to expect an absolute Cure; but the Pain might be alleviated, and made more tolerable,

rable, would you but endeavour it, and without that it is not to be effected : For how should a Patient be relieved by the best Prescription, if resolv'd to cast away the Medicine. To *think* rightly, is the only Thing that can give you Ease : and that is in your own Power to do.—Dont deceive yourself, Madam : You who can dictate those ingenious Letters I am favour'd with, where every Line is embellished with an uncommon Beauty of Expression : You, I say, who can do this, are capable of *reasonable Reflections*. *Cupid* is a fictitious God :—You are no *Pagan*, but know better than to deify your Passions. Let me beg of you to view every thing in a proper Light, not in a romantic and fabulous Disguise ; for surely it must be an Affront to the Creator, to think upon Love as a Deity, as an Almighty Being, acting as he pleases with arbitrary Power, when it is merely the Offspring of our own Bosoms ; it is, I believe, our strongest Propensity, a generous Ardor which I would not discourage, when directed to a truly worthy Object, and therefore I hear your Complaints with Indulgence, and sincerely
pity

pity your Distress. But, my dear *Evadne*, let not the sweet insinuating Mischief engross every Faculty of your Soul, and make you negligent of the Duty you owe to *God*, your *Self*, and your *Friends*; I mean the Preservation of Life, given by the *First*, committed to the Care of the *Second*, and so much valued by the *Last*; it is our invariable Duty to preserve it; and when we suffer our Selves voluntarily to be deprived of it, by any Means, whether by excessive Grief, or for Want of a due Care, are we not guilty of Suicide? How shall we answer the Abuse of *this*, the first and greatest of temporal Blessings, to him who gave it? It is by the Tenure of this that we are enabled to secure to our Selves an Eternity of Happiness: Why then should we suffer our Selves to be so deeply afflicted with the momentary Evils we meet with Here, when we have such extensive Views Hereafter? Joys too great to be express'd! too exquisite to be conceiv'd! boundless in Degree, and endless in Duration. Let us comfort our Selves by considering that all Things are ordered by an infinitely wise Being, who knows what is good
for

for us, better than we do our Selves; that we possess numberless Blessings without which we could not live, (or, at best, but miserably) and for the Enjoyment of which we can never be sufficiently thankful; that those Things we most earnestly wish for, are generally such as we stand least in need of, and are no farther necessary to us than our Desires make them: Why then should we act like forward Children, who, because they are not permitted to have an improper Toy to play with, refuse what the wiser Parent offers? —But I forget I am talking to a Lady of Learning and Genius, one so much my Superior in Brightness of Thought and Stretch of Imagination, that I am amaz'd I dare write to her at all, and nothing but a strong Affection and your Commands could induce me to it: I give my Advice in Obedience to your Request, but must condemn myself for doing it in so extensive a Manner, it had been enough for me to have said,—*Madam, Reflect as a Christian*: and your own Heart would have suggested all that was pertinent, and much more than I am able to dictate;
yet

yet had I valued you less I had been more concise.

Let me intreat you, dear Madam, that nothing I have said in this may prevent your complaining to me for the future ; for whatever I may have urg'd, I can truly say that I sympathize with you in your Affliction, and that my Bosom reflects every Image of Distress in yours ; I think of your Youth, your early, innocent Impression with every other moving Circumstance, and do acknowledge your Passion to be the most sublime and noble that ever human Heart was sensible of, but cannot think it so abstracted as you imagine ; if so, why these cruel Pains from *Separation* ? Bodily Presence is not necessary for the Enjoyment of Souls ; In short, Madam, your Love is pure, refin'd, just, and such as it ought to be ; examine your Self, and you will find it so : Your desiring him to marry *another*, is a natural Consequence of a generous, genuine and disinterested Affection, which prefers the Happiness of the belov'd Object to it's own Satisfaction. The Shock which you suffer at the Name of Marriage is not, as you fancy it, the Effect of *Platonism*, but

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proceeds

proceeds from your native Modesty, the Dread of disobliging a tender Father and indulgent Mother, the Fear of plunging the Man you hold most dear into new Difficulties, or perhaps some Apprehension of the Abatement of his Esteem, and not a Dislike of uniting with him in the strictest Manner.

In the former Part of my Letter I have taken the Liberty to caution you against deifying your Passions; but I think you too severe when you tax yourself with Impiety for admitting his Idea at the Altar: That is not in your own Power to prevent; the Image of a belov'd Object dwells so constantly in the Mind, that it becomes (as it were) a Part of it, and cannot be excluded from the most sacred Places or in the most solemn Acts of Devotion; these are Trespases not to be avoided: Human Nature is not capable of Perfection.

I propose staying at —— this Winter; and, as I know you sometimes come in that Season, notwithstanding your Aver-sion to a great deal of Company, hope to have the Pleasure of seeing you here, and desire to know when I may expect it.

Returning

Returning from a Visit last Night with Mrs. L——, I met Miss —— who had been enquiring for me at Mrs. L——'s; it was too late to ask her to go back, and being in the Street, I had only Time to be informed of your Health, the Knowledge of which is highly pleasing to

Dear Madam,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

MARIA.

L E T T E R XI.

To the same, in Answer to another Letter inserted.

AFTER Sickness, Journies, Company and Business, I am at length set down to answer my dear *Evadne's* last Letter. The Information it brought me that I had in some Measure quieted the Disturbance of your Mind, gave me great Pleasure: O that I could have made that Serenity more lasting! But give me Leave to repeat, what I before took the Liberty to remark,

mark, that it is very much in your own Power to form and fix your own Happiness, or at least to attain Tranquility, by consulting your Reason, and directing to their proper Ends those noble Faculties with which the Almighty has enrich'd you.

I wish I was indeed what your fond Friendship fancies me to be, only capable of celestial Ardors, and free from the Corruption of Human Nature : But, alas ! I have my Frailties in common with the rest of the World ; few have more Failings than myself ; if I be free from any Weakness my Friends are touched with, doubt not but I have it doubled in another Kind : — Yet I might have been something more perfect than I am, had I been blest with such a Father as you justly boast of, and had the Advantage of such an Education : But mine had a different Way of Thinking ; for when, from the Beneficence of others, I might have obtain'd the Improvements of Learning, he would not permit me to receive it, but endeavoured to prevent me from acquiring the Use of the Pen, or a proper Pronunciation

ciation in Reading ; and those glorious Lessons of Wisdom, which your's was so careful to inculcate, were by him neglected, through a Notion that Women ought to be instructed in nothing but common Household Affairs, and the Management of the Needle ; *Writing would only qualify them for Intrigue, and much Reading give them a wrong Turn of Mind.*

This was an Error which induced him to do all he could to train me up in Ignorance ; so that what I possess is purely from Nature, or rather from the God of Nature, to whom I can never be sufficiently thankful : For, notwithstanding all my Disadvantages, I am yet so happy as to be esteem'd by many of my Superiors, and by some of the most accomplish'd of my Sex, in which Number I must place my dear Miss —.

Believe me, Madam, you are quite mistaken when you imagine I think you weak, and blameable for entertaining a Tenderness for a Man of great Merit, such a one as you describe, who truly loves you : All I aim at is, to persuade you to combat your Misfortunes with the Force of Reason and Religion, by all the solid Arguments your

ready Genius can furnish you with, which will blunt the Edge of Affliction, and enable you to bear calmly the Fate which Heaven has allotted.

I come now to our old Subject *Platonic Love*, which I must ever look upon as absurd and chimerical, contrary to the Laws of the Creation, and destructive of the Community. I believe, in my former Papers, I have said something, not altogether impertinent, to prove it so : But to make your's appear of a different Kind, from the Pain of Separation, will be a more arduous Task, so well have you stated the Case, and illustrated it by the Mention of those Sensations which I must allow to be experienc'd by Friends of the same Sex, when at a Distance from each other—Yet I have something to offer in Favour of my Opinion.—LOVE and FRIENDSHIP, I own, may be produced by the same Cause, by some amiable Qualities in the belov'd Object; after which, their Operations in the Soul may also be the same, as they are both tender Passions, (and therefore a Man will venture his Life for his Friend as well as his Mistress) but their End and
Enjoyment

Enjoyment are very different, such is the Order of Nature, by whom we are directed in our Pleasures, and whose Dictates are sometimes controlled by Reason, but never annulled. For that Infinite Power, which first form'd us, has wisely proportioned our Propensities to our Capacities,—Friendship is an abstracted Passion, and Love is not so. The Affection of a Friend is like that of a fond Parent to an only Child, pleas'd with the Presence, delighted with the Conversation, glad to do any good Office, zealous for, and firmly attach'd to the Interest of the dear one, tender to the last Degree, but yet without Desire : But Love, being born for different Purposes, is still more extensive, and will expect all it is capable of enjoying ; and therefore I presume, though we may wish as ardently for an absent Friend as an absent Lover, that those Wishes have different Tendencies : And I believe, if every other Circumstance were concurrent with your Inclination, you would have no Objection to Marriage, but rather desire it as the Completion of your Happiness ; nor is this inconsistent with

the strictest Virtue, because I must suppose a Desire of being united to the Man you love is not grounded upon his Sex, for then all Men would be equal, but upon some distinguished Merit for which you prefer him to the rest of Mankind, so as that you would rather continue your whole Life in an inferior single State than be married to another.

I agree with you, that the Presence of them we value, of either Sex, is pleasing, but not necessary to promote the Intimacy of Souls; and I conceive *Plato's* Doctrine of Love to be so truly Spiritual as to have no Regard to material Objects, and therefore conclude your's to be a rightly constituted Passion.

I suppose Miss —— is now with you : She gave me the pleasing Expectation of seeing you at —— this Winter, and what you have said in your poetical Flight, does not entirely cut it off; so I ask once more, do you positively come or not? I am engag'd here till the 6th of *January*, when I shall go to visit a Lady of great Merit (one I much esteem) at a little Village on the Banks of the *Tees*; after which I shall be
at

at Liberty to come and ramble with dear *Evadne* through Fields, Groves, flow'ry Meads, and all the lovely Scenes which you have so enchantingly described to

Your

MARIA.

L E T T E R XII.

To the same, in Answer to another not inserted.

Dear Madam,

I AM now at ——— with a Sister of Mrs. L——'s who has known me from a Child ; and though I have not had the Opportunity of visiting her often, lately, and never held an epistolary Correspondence with her, yet she treats me with the same friendly Kindness, as if we had been endear'd to each other by an uninterrupted intimacy : I am her principal Secretary, Privy Counsellor and Favorite in Chief, which proceeds from her entertaining a high Opinion of my *Wit, Discretion,*

cretion, and a hundred other good Qualities, which, I am afraid, exist only in her Imagination. The Family consists of Mr. and Mrs. —, two Maids, one Man-Servant, and a Boy. The Master is seldom at home, and the Mistress finds so many Family-Affairs to engage her Time, that I have several Hours in a Day to myself, which makes it an agreeable Retirement, but not a Solitude. We have a Garden kept in good Order, well stor'd with Fruit, and made pleasant by green Walks shaded with Trees in some Parts, and in others raised by a Terrass, from whence we have the Prospect of the venerable Ruins of a Castle, a navigable River, and a large Extent of the Country on the other Side of it, which makes it a most delightful Situation.

I am intimately acquainted with the young Lady the Rev. Sir *H. B*—— makes his Addresses to, and lately saw one of his Letters to her, in which is the following Couplet :

"Tis you alone can charm my wand'ring
Sight

Among ten thousand eminently bright.

She

She has a large Fortune, and is beautiful to Admiration ; but, I fear, will make an imprudent Choice (for she has many Admirers) in Spite of the Remonstrances of *one* that wishes her well.

As you are very desirous to have a Copy of the Ode sent me by the Rev. Mr. *H.* when I went last into the North, I shall now make up my Letter with it.

HOR. ODE III. Lib. I.

Proud Bark that bear'st *Maria* hence
May ev'ry Pow'r to thee dispense
It's Blessing, may the Queen of Love
And *Helen's* Twin-born Brothers prove
Propitious, may their mighty Ruler bind
In drowsy Silence ev'ry adverse wind.

But oh ! with tender sacred Care
Her to the wish'd-for Haven bear,
There thy rich Freight deliver, I implore,
And land her safely on the Northern Shore.

Sure tripple Brags his Heart did bind,
That first presum'd with dauntless Mind
To

To teach th' unsteady Bark to ride
The treach'rous Ocean's swelling Tide,
Where Winds with Winds contending roar,
Waves roll on Waves and dash the Shore.

What Shape of Death could him affright
Who brav'd, with stedfast Eyes, the Sight
Of Monsters raging in the Sea
And Rocks more shocking far than they :
In vain did Heav'n's all-knowing Hand
Disjoin the Waters from the Land
If impious Ships forsake the Shore,
Disdain their Bounds and pass them o'er :

But deaf to Heav'n and Nature's Will,
Bold Man atchieves forbidden Ill,
Prometheus thus his Clay inspires,
And gives it Life with heav'nly Fires :
Thence frequent Sickness, swift Decay,
Led down to Death a nearer Way.
Thus *Hercules* by Force invades
The Gloom of *Pluto's* dreadful Shades :
For

For when Man insolently dares,
Nor Heaven, nor Hell, his Fury spares.

In the Verses, which you have so ingeniously turn'd, you do yourself too much Injustice, and honour me far beyond my Merit; but I must own, consider'd only as Poetry, they are vastly improv'd, beautiful, and worthy the fair Hand that wrote them; and I can't forbear telling you in plain honest Prose, that, had indulgent Heaven enrich'd me with a Genius equal to your's, I should have preferr'd it to all the Gifts of Fortune: but tho' I cannot boast of these bright Talents myself, yet I never fail to admire them in others. I am,

With the most grateful

and respectful Sentiments,

Dear Madam,

Your affectionate Friend,

MARIA.

LET-

L E T T E R XIII.

To Miss ———.

I Have more good Humour about me at present than to answer, particularly, the first Page of your last Letter, which is strangely ironical, and a direct Contradiction to the preceding one; but you must excuse me, if I take the Liberty of telling you, that in the Perusal of it I could not help thinking of the two following Verses of *Dryden*:

Great Wit to Madness sure is near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.

Well, you are a dear inconsistent Mortal! and whatever Appearance you think fit to assume, are still engaging; every thing you say has a distinguishing Beauty, a Warmth, a Spirit that charms the Reader.

In my former I mentioned Mrs. P——'s great Civility to me, because I thought you, my Friend, would take Pleasure in it;

I have

I have now to add, that the Gentleman seems almost as much pleas'd with my Company as as his Lady, and I doubt not the more so for her Sake; so that my Time passes on agreeably at this Place, tho' it is at a greater Distance from you and some other of my Friends than I could have lik'd. I know we must not expect *all* we wish for in this Life; it is prudent to be contented with what we do enjoy, and call it Happiness. Our Conversation with each other is chiefly in the Evening: I rise between Six and Seven, go down to Breakfast at Eight or sooner; and when that is over, retire to my Apartment, where I amuse myself with the Pen, a Book or Needle till near Eleven, when Mrs. P. and I take a Walk in the Garden, and chat about half an Hour, then I return again to my Room, and employ myself there till Dinner, at which Time we stay together about an Hour; and after that converse very little till Supper, when we stretch out our Evenings till Twelve, and are so full of Talk, that we should certainly sit much longer if the Clock did not warn us to Bed.

Our

Our House is situate just where the *Waveney* and the *Tare* meet, a little above the *Ouse*, upon that which was formerly called the *Saxon Shore*, and is raised upon the Foundation of an antient Monastery, where *Sigibert* King of the *East-Angles* led a monastic Life with an eminent *Scotch* Monk, who founded the Monastery; the House I lived in last at *N——ch* was Part of the Deanery and formerly a Monastery; so I am translated from one Cloister to another, and in a fair Way of dying a Nun. Very near us is the Ruins of a Castle where the *Romans* stationed one of their Legions. I have procured a few Pieces of old Coin, which were lately found by a Peasant in the Neighbourhood, and a few Days since had a small Brazen Bust given me, newly taken up near the ruin'd Walls; some of the Coin bear the Image of *Constantine*, some are more antique, but my Eyes are not good enough to make them all out; one has the Figure of a Wolf, and the Words *URBS ROMÆ* on it: they are all of them very small, and appear mere Trifles; but such Trifles I am much pleas'd with.

I find

I find you are so far of my Opinion as to allow that superstitious Fears are sometimes the Consequence of tender Affections, but confine it only to weak Minds; in Answer to which give me Leave to say, that every Mind is capable of tender Affections, and we all know that tender Affections will soften and enervate the Mind; so that all Minds are liable to Weakness, even the incomparable one of my dear Miss —.

Mrs. *L.* designs to go to — next Spring to settle her Affairs there, and Miss is to accompany her. Be so good as to tell Master — my best Service waits him, and that I think of him often, but defer writing till I see his Mamma. What you tell me of Lady *B*—— is truly delighting, when I consider her Temper and some other Circumstances, with the Manner in which she has always behaved to *Her*, I am not in the least surpriz'd at her Transports. I was going on farther, but remembering the Length of my Letter, thought it was Time to put a Period to the Impertinence of

Yours, &c.

MARIA.

F

L E T-

L E T T E R XIV.

To Miss C——r.

Dear Madam,

I Have now taken up my Residence at B—b C—le, in an Air which always agreed with me, and where every Circumstance is perfectly suited to my Inclination and Constitution; I have a Prospect of continuing here a long Time, but Experience has made me so sensible of the Mutability of all Things beneath the Sun, that I frequently admit the Expectation of a Change: not so as to lose the present Enjoyment, but in order to be prepared for the Vicissitude whenever it may happen. A Month before I came hither I was a Rambler in the Country, and in so enchanting a Part of it, that neither the *Elysian* of the ancient Poets, nor your own rich Fancy, could furnish the Mind with more delightful Scenes, more lovely Shades than Nature has here exhibited. During my Stay in this Paradise I visited almost every Day, and constantly travelled under a verdant Arch made by the intermingling Branches
above

above us, and being on Horse-back, had the Opportunity of seeing, between the Boles of the lofty Trees, the beauteous Prospects on either Side. I often pass'd the Evening where I visited, and returning late home, the Glow-Worms, those reptile Luminaries, glitter'd in the Way and gave new pleasing Images to my Eyes and Thoughts : With a secret Transport, I ador'd the great God of Nature, who has not only stor'd the World with useful Magazines for our Support, but also adorn'd it with an infinite Variety of agreeable Objects ! This is a darling Subject, and I could pursue it with the highest Pleasure ; but Fear of losing the Post obliges me immediately to tell you that I am,

Dear Madam, with great Esteem,

Yours, &c.

MARIA.

L E T T E R XV.

To Mrs. N——, at *Croft*.

Dear Madam,

I Shall now discharge myself of a Promise I made, long since, to send you the Explanation of the *London* Metaphorical Entertainment, as soon as I should have it in my Power ; it is just now come to Hand, and I will transcribe it *verbatim* and inclose it. I thank you for the Solution of the Ænigma in my last, which I received from a young Lady in Town. I presented it to several of the Ingenious and ready Gueffers, who could not make it out ; yet a Nephew of mine, not thirteen Years of Age, found it on the first Perusal : But I own it puzzled me, for I was got so far above Mortality, that I never once remembered, *All Flesh is Grass*.

By a Letter from Mrs. L—— to her Mother, we have room to infer, that we shall not be favour'd with Miss S——'s Company in the approaching Winter, which

which both Mrs. P. and myself expected
would have help'd to chear the Hours of
that gloomy Season; but if she cannot come,

To wear away Time as we can, we full oft,
Sit together and chat of the People at *Croft*;
Your House and your Gardens, your Self
and your Spouse,

Your Pigeons and Chickens, your Pigs and
your Cows ;

Of the Corn-Fields and Meadows, the
Tythe and the Trees,

The Church and the Bridge, and the sweet
River *Tees* ;

Of the neighb'ring * Rector you've heard
me so praise,

And the fair Lady *M--banke* that brightens
my Lays :

Of your Kindred all round, your † Father
and Mother,

Of *Durham's* good ‡ Dean, and the Pre-
bend your Brother :

F 3

Your

* The Reverend Mr. *Harrison*, late of *Darlington*.

† Mr. *N——*'s Father and Mother.

‡ Mrs. *N——*'s Father.

Your Manner of Living, your Gifts to the
Poor ;

The *Allens*, and *Chaytors*, and fifty Folks
more :

Of more than you think on we constantly
prate,

For, Madam, you know that dull Silence
I hate.

At last, when no more can be thought of,
or said,

We call for our Candles and trip up to
Bed.

From this little airy Excursion my dear
Mrs. N— will infer that I am quite easy
and happy : And really, Madam, at pre-
sent I have every Thing I can reasonably
desire to make me so ; and I hope I shall
never be so ungrateful to the kind Dispenser
of all good Things, as to be negligent or
insensible of the Blessings he is pleas'd
to bestow on me.

This Place was formerly a *Roman* Sta-
tion, and Part of the Ruins of a Castle
yet remains, which shew the Strength,
Art

Art and Industry of that great and martial People.

I shall rejoice to hear that both your Self and my good Friend the Rector of *Croft* are well, whom my best Service and best Wishes attend. When you see Lady M——, I beg you'll make my Compliments acceptable to her from,

Dear Madam,

Your very affectionate, and

much obliged humble Servant,

MARIA.

L E T T E R XVI.

TO EVADNE.

I own, Madam,

I Had a great deal of Pleasure in *London*; but you know we may be pleas'd without being in Raptures. I am surpriz'd

F 4

you

you can suppose that your Letters should not at all Times, and in all Places, afford me a most agreeable Entertainment, since you can't be insensible that they are wrote with so much Elegance, Wit and Spirit, as must give Delight to all who have the Opportunity of reading them. I communicated some of those on the controverted Subject to Miss C——r, and also your sprightly Criticism on one of the Epithets in the Verses inclos'd in my last. She was greatly pleas'd with them, and express'd an Inclination to correspond with you. I told her, that from the respectful Manner in which I had heard you mention her, I believ'd it would be extremely agreeable to you: And I assure you, Madam, nothing would be more so to me; such a Correspondence between two Persons so endow'd by Nature, and improv'd by Learning, must be very entertaining, and produce a reciprocal Satisfaction and high Regard for each other, which I, who dearly value you both, should see with Pleasure.

You desire a personal Description of this young Lady; and though I am but ill qualified for drawing Pictures, yet I will endeavour

endeavour to give you an Idea of her.—
She is pretty tall, and full proportion'd to her Height; her Hair light-brown; her Complexion good, and the Rose of Health blooms fresh in her Face, where Innocence Chearfulness and Modesty are sweetly blended together; her Manner is quite easy, unaffected and undesigning; her Conversation discovers her to be a Person of fine Sense, without appearing to know it: She has no self-important Airs, but seems always compos'd and humble; which is to me inexpressibly engaging, and I believe must be so to all the World.

I perfectly acquiesce in your Sentiments upon the Subjects in your last Letter, excepting what relates to the established Religion, which, I find, you think People ought to comply with, because it is enacted by public Authority; so that, right or wrong, we must unite in it without any Regard to Conscience! What, my Dear, must we put on our Religion like a Garment, and shape it according to the Fashion?—Here is room for a great deal
of

74 FAMILIAR LETTERS.

of Argument; but I have not Time to add more, than that I am,

Very affectionately

March 28.

Your faithful Friend

1741.

MARIA,

L E T T E R XVII.

To ———.

My Friend,

I Am much concern'd at your declining State of Health, and can't forbear telling you, that your last Letter fixt a melancholy in my Mind which had before crept into it, from some uneasy Reflections I have been so foolish as to entertain since I parted from you; but I hope it will terminate in a settled Piety, which is the only sufficient Support against the certain, or casual Evils of human Life: This, with great Submission, I beg Leave to recommend

mend to your dear Self, as it is the sole Comfort in Adversity, and the most efficacious Preservative in Prosperity. Do every Thing you can to preserve your Constitution, which I am inclin'd to believe depends much on your Manner of Thinking, you have so quick a Sense of every Object that occurs.—Could you once arrive to the State you are aiming at, neither to *hope* or *fear*, you would then be in the high Road to Happiness: This is a difficult Pass to gain, yet I will not say it is impossible. In the mean Time, do not fail in writing often to your *other Friend* and me: Put a full Confidence in one, and be not too suspicious of the other. But, above all Things, preserve an humble Confidence in Providence, and I doubt not you will live to enjoy more Tranquillity than you have ever yet known.

I am oblig'd to Miss T— for her Civility, and desire you will make my Return of Compliments to her; I shall be glad to see her Brother when he comes to —; a Gentleman of his Character may be sure of a Welcome from his own Merit, but doubly so, as he is your Relation. I rejoice

joice you are in so amiable a Family; and most earnestly beg that you will endeavour to taste the Blessings in your Power, as I am determin'd to do; for I stand condemn'd in my own Judgment for suffering those Impressions I acknowledg'd in the Beginning of my Letter, and am resolv'd for the future, not to allow my Self to be so much agitated by any Thing in this World; or, at least, such Uneasiness shall not be of a long Duration. And that we may both put in Practice these felicitating Resolutions, is most heartily wish'd by

Your

MARIA,

LETTER XVIII,

To ———,

Dear Madam,

GIVE me Leave to ask what you mean by depreciating Women? Are you about to turn Renegade, and go over to our Enemies? Really
your

Your Assertions are not in the least to my Taste: I hate Tyranny of all Kinds, and wish it was in my Power to rescue my Sex from so base a Slavery as some of them undergo who are Married to such as Delight to keep them in a mean Subjection, surely, if they would all unite in the glorious Cause, they might throw off the servile Yoke, and meet that Deference which they deserve, from those who now claim their *humble Homage*.

Owou'd the Free-born Maids together join
In this so laudable and just Design;

Th' imperious Lord his wonted Pow'r should
mourn,

And *Equal Woman* triumph in her Turn:
Souls have no Sex, nor Male, nor Female
there,

A manly Mind informs the well-taught Fair.
While Fops have female Follies in Excess,
Who nothing study, but the Art of Dress:
From diff'rent Teaching, diff'rent Notions
rise,

Hence Women *less*, and Men appear *more*
wise,

But

But Erudition chang'd, we soon should see,
What stupid Things these Boasters then
would be ;

Whilst Wisdom, Science, ev'ry Art divine,
In Woman would with fullest Lustre shine.

Thus, Madam, have I reply'd to one
Part of your Letter, but pray what am I
to think of, or say to, the following despi-
cable Lines which you have been pleased
to send for my Entertainment.

Fear not my Genius to unfold
My silent Thoughts are these,
Women were born to be controul'd
Think of them as you please ;
Their long usurped Monarchy
Hath made me hate such Tyranny.

Let them and their magnetic Charms
Like Harbingers before them,
Possess themselves in Cupid's Arms
As Baits for to adore them.

Their Deity with them must fade,
It cannot be deny'd,

But

But since those pretty Things were made
 Out of old *Adam's* Side,
 We'll love them still, yet know as thus,
 We'll do't because they're Part of us,
 And let it then suffice those Elves,
 To say we love them as ourselves.

Dear Madam, where did you pick up
 these odd Verses? Sure you have been
 ransacking the musty Library of an old
 Cynick! *Diogenes* must certainly be the
 Author;—Well, whoever it was, I'll try
 to Answer him in his own sweet Style.

Fear not, *Maria*, to display
 That arbitrary Thing
 Who says weak Woman must obey,
 And he's her mighty King.
 Presumptuous Man, know I defy
 Thy too long practis'd Tyranny.

Thy lordly Rights thou mayst proclaim
 And place *obey* before
 Usurp a Monarch's awful Name
 To make tame Fools adore;

No

No Homage shalt thou gain from me,
For, as I'm born, I will be, free.

Since for Man's Sake, as we are told,
Fair polish'd Woman rose,
We'll not despise our kindred Mold,
Nor yet adore the *Dross*.
Robust and strong from native Earth he
came,
Fit Guardian of his Partner's finer Frame,
And if he'll faithful, mild and gen'rous
prove,
We'll pay him back with due Returns of
Love :
A helpful Consort while he's kind and
good,
And let him thank us for our Gratitude.

By this Time I think I am pretty even
with your Churl, and it is only to such
as him I would speak in this Strain ; for
there are many Men of great Merit to
whom I pay a very high Deference, and,
if any such should read this Letter, I hope
they will excuse me when they consider the
Provocation I had to speak so freely.

Miss

Miss T— returns your Compliment,
and bids me tell you that

“ The little Brightness she could ever
boast,

“ Is totally extinct, entirely lost.”

But this is the Effect of present Grief,
And Time, I hope, will bring a kind Relief,
For Pity would it be, so bright a Maid
So soon should set beneath a lasting Shade.
Women like her we very rarely find,
Such Modesty with so much Learning join'd.
Mistress of Languages, and yet not vain,
But wholly free from Pride's disgusting Stain,
Grac'd with one Charm which we but rarely
view,
Quick are her Thoughts, and yet her Words
are few.

Before I conclude, I must take Notice
of your Quotation from *Waller*, viz.

G

“ Women

“ Women are govern'd by so strange a
Fate

“ Their Love's insuperable as their
Hate.”

this possibly might be his Opinion, but
give me Leave to say,

That some there are, who regularly move,
Can banish Hate, and overcome their Love,
Hard is the Combat, but the Conquest brave,
For who wou'd live wild Passion's tortur'd
Slave

That cou'd reflect, and rightly judging, see
'Tis in their own Election to be free :
Reason and Piety can calm the Breast,
And charm the most intemp'rate Mind to
Rest.

May these gentle and amiable Moderators
be always present with

Your

MARIA.

L E T T E R XIX.

To Miss ———.

Dear Madam,

I Have not yet seen the Books you mention, but design myself the Pleasure of reading them very soon, nor shall the Love Poems in Imitation of *Tibullus* be omitted. For

Though I feel no youthful Fires
 Blooming Hopes nor gay Desires,
 Such as *Venus'* Son inspires,
 Yet I have a Heart and Mind,
 Softest of the softest Kind :
 Friendly to a Lover's Cause,
 Virtuous Love deserves Applause.
 Pleasure in my Bosom springs,
 When I read of tender Things :
 Pity sighs, when Sighs reveal
 Wants and Woes which others feel :
 If in Tears their Sorrows flow,
 Tears my kindred Sorrows show.

}

Though I feel no am'rous Fires,
Such as *Venus*' Son inspires,
True it is, I daily prove,
All my melting Soul is Love.

In one of my former I gave you the Fiction of a Trance, which, I informed you, was preluded by *Numbness* and *Mortification*, and that the succeeding visionary Scenes were gloomy, troublesome and astonishing, and would have been more truly grievous but for the frequent Visits of CLARINDA, a beneficent Spirit; and in Reality I have not been without some extraordinary *Appearances* and useful Revelations, but want your inimitable Genius to describe them in proper Language.

The Fiction, Madam, is grounded on a Concurrence of distressing Incidents, brought upon me through the Artifices of a cunning, false-hearted Woman, which, for a while, reduced me to so melancholy a Situation, that I was almost stupid, and, sometimes, seemed as if I was under the Power of Death; but, I thank my God, I am once more blessed with that happy
Tenour

Tenour of Mind which I enjoyed before I knew Mrs ——. I am now released from Deceit and Oppression, the Scene opens bright before me; and, instead of confused Thoughts and painful Reveries, instead of descending into the silent Regions of the Dead, or living in a languid State of dull Inactivity, like those already lodged there,

An active Mind, and Spirits gay,
Turn my *September* into *May*.
Higher Health and livelier Bloom,
Promise still an Age to come,
Charming Prospects rise in Sight,
And thrill my Heart with new Delight,
I feel fresh Life in every Vein,
And sprightly Youth returns again.

But where would giddy Fancy run !
The longest Date will soon be done :
Autumn, like Spring, may Verdure shew,
But ever wears a fainter Hue :
Years of *Vanity* are past,
Can I better hope at last ?

Flatt'ring the fair Ideas seem,
But Human Life is all a Dream :

That dear *Eliza's* may be filled with pleasing Visions, and uninterrupted Scenes of Happiness, is most sincerely wished by,

Her obliged, &c.

MARIA.

L E T T E R XX.

TO EVADNE.

Dear Madam,

THOUGH the little Poetic Spark, which once glow'd in my Bosom, is now extinguished, yet I could not forbear attempting to versify the two Paragraphs you translated from *Petrarch*, because you so earnestly desired it, but how unfit I am for such a Task, the following Lines will evidence, and that the original Beauties of that Author, instead of being heightened and set in a clearer Light, will be

be sunk and obscure ; but notwithstanding this, I would not omit sending them, lest you should tax me with want of Inclination to oblige you : however, I shall make no further Apology, but submit them to your Candour. Beginning first with that

On Good Friday.

O Pow'r Supreme! incline a gracious Ear,
And now accept my penitential Prayer :
After the many Days, which I must own,
Alas ! unvalu'd, and unheeded gone ;
After the many restless Nights I've spent,
In anxious Care, in raving Discontent,
Contending with a wild, a fierce Desire,
The Flame of Love, which set my Soul on
Fire ;

While *Laura's* Image only fill'd my Breast,
An Image I too fondly have caress'd ;
Oh let me now thy tender Mercy find,
With thy free Grace illuminate my Mind,
Let me no more the Slave of Passion be,
But turn my wand'ring Thoughts to Heav'n
and thee ;

Then shall my cruel Foe; abash'd, recede,
 Finding his artful Snares are vainly spread.
 Of rolling Years, eleven are past in Pain,
 Since I was doom'd to wear the galling
 Chain :

The Chain which am'rous Minds are forc'd
 to bear,
 Still to the most Submissive, most severe.
 On my degen'rate Sorrow Pity take,
 And from the Maze of Error bring me back;
 With noblest Objects all my Thoughts in-
 spire,
 Let him, alone, be all my Soul's Desire,
 Who on this Day his Sacred Life resign'd,
 And suffer'd on the Cross for lost Mankind.

Another Passage from *Petrarch*.

Since thou and I, too oft, have prov'd the
 Pain
 Of baffled Hopes, and Expectations vain ;
 From earthly Views thy doubtful Heart re-
 move,
 And fix it on the solid Joys above.

The flatt'ring World presents a gaudy Scene,
 Like a fair Meadow, flow'ry fresh and green :
 Where

Where hid, obscure, beneath the verdant
Leaves,

A deadly Snake th'unwary Foot deceives.

Who views the gay Temptation with De-
light,

And only thinks to take a tranfient Sight,
Shall feel the pleafing Mifchief fweetly roll
Through his fond Eyés, and catch his mel-
ting Soul :

But would you with Tranquillity be bleft,
E'er the laft Day's Approach fhall give you
Reft ;

Follow with patient Steps the Pious Few,
And quit the Crowd, who diff'rent Paths
pursue.

I fhall now proceed to Anfwer your laft
Letter, with which I am extremely pleafed,
as it has the Indication of a Mind more at
Eafe than formerly ; may this Dawn of
Serenity ftill open, and encrease upon you,
till it riles to a full Satisfaction, a fixed
Content, which is as much of Happi-
nefs as we can expect on this Side the
Grave.

Thus

Thus far had I wrote when I was sent for to *R*——, from which Place I came last Saturday, and am under an Engagement to return thither again at *Christmas*, I could give you Reasons for my not taking this Journey sooner, such as you would approve. I assure you, Madam, I am under no body's Direction, but am entirely governed by my own Inclination and Judgment; I thank my God, I am a free Agent, and as happy as any of my Fellow-Mortals; as the Word *Mortal* conveys an Idea of Imperfection, I would have you believe that the Felicity I boast of, is no more than what is consistent with the frail State of Humanity, whose richest Sweets are always allayed with some Tincture of Bitterness; there are two Circumstances attending me which I could wish altered, but as I know this is impossible to be, at present, I entertain a set of Thoughts proper for my Situation, and make even the bitter Part of my Draught abate of its disgusting Taste. This is a Practice I would recommend to all my Friends, not doubting but that it would be of the same salutary

tary Use to others, as it has already been
to

Dear Evadne's

faithful Friend,

MARIA.

L E T T E R XXI.

To ———.

Dear Madam,

THOUGH your last was but a
Lilliputian, yet coming from your
Hand it could not fail of being very ac-
ceptable, you give a sterling Stamp to all
you write, and I shall keep your Corres-
pondence as Misers do their Gold,

A shining Treasure from the World con-
ceal'd,

A Treasure only to my self reveal'd :

Like them, I too shall frequently retire,
Count my rich Store, and secretly admire ;
They

They GEORGE's Image in his Coin approve,
Thy pictur'd Mind I in thy Letters love.
But here, indeed, we something disagree,
'Tis Money pleases them, and Paper me.

I don't wonder the Description of Love I sent you should awake a Suspicion that the Writer had been touched with that Distemper (if I may be allowed to call it so) I believe those who have experienced it would with Difficulty be persuaded she has always been free ; and yet such in Reality has been her good Fortune : Your Conjectures that she has seen a great deal of the Effects of this impetuous Passion, is well grounded, yet had she never been a Witness of it in others, her own Heart would have readily suggested all that is contained in that Description ; for it is easy to imagine how the Heart must be affected towards that one dear Object which it prefers to all others, that one with whom it wishes to pass every Moment of Life, whose Absence is Languor, and whose Presence is Joy. But notwithstanding she has so lively an Idea of this fond Passion, there is one Thing in her Temper which,
to

to *Cupid's* female Devotees, would prove her a mere Novice in Love, for to my Knowledge she detests the Tyranny and Pride of Conquest in the other Sex, and is so ready to resent an Injury from them, that I believe no one could have engaged her so far, but that she would have heartily despised him upon ill Treatment, and I sincerely think that every Woman ought to do so, yet must acknowledge that great Compassion is due to some who through a strong Delusion have deviated from this Precept.

I am very sensible that the true generous Passion of Love is very different from that which frequently assumes it's Name, for that which justly deserves the Appellation, is sincere and disinterested, full of extreme Tendernefs, and ever studious for the Good of the beloved Object ; whereas the other seeks only its own Gratification, soon grows weary of the Object that pleased it, wantonly ranges after Variety, and too often compasses the Destruction of that which first gave it Pleasure, only for having too much Truth and Tendernefs for so depraved a Taste, and for putting too much

much Confidence in the base Betrayer. Of this we have a recent * Tragedy, the Authors of which, I am afraid, will escape for want of sufficient Evidence; but it is the general Wish of all I converse with, that they may meet the Fate they deserve for so complicated a Crime; had they any Sense of Shame and Remorse, Guilt and Infamy would be a lasting Punishment, should they escape that of the Law: But by what I hear, they are too much hardened to suffer that Way: But I will quit this ungrateful Subject for one more agreeable. I was glad to find that you as well as your Friend

Had, hitherto, escap'd those Darts,
That wound, unseen, poor Virgin's Hearts,
May

* At — a young Woman well descended, but of a reduced Family, was seduced by the only Son of a rich Tradesman whom she tenderly loved, and his wicked Emisaries, through his Instigation, murdered her when she was so near the Time of her Delivery that the Infant lived several Hours after her Stomach was opened to search for the Poison; I have been credibly informed that the cruel Spoiler stood by, apparently unmoved, while the Operation was performing!

May you with Freedom still be blest,
Or of a worthy Heart posselt;
But, Oh, 'tis hard amongst Mankind,
A Heart of real Worth to find,
Full of Merit, kind and true,
Wise and good, and fit for you.

As my Acquaintance has been chiefly with the Unfortunate Inamoratas, I have had little Room for Observation after Marriage, but enough to establish an Opinion that the Happiness of that State is not connected with the Violence or Moderation of the Passion preceding the Union, but depends in a great Measure, I believe I may venture to say entirely, on a prudent Conduct afterward; but it must be seasoned with Affection on both Sides, or there can be no true Felicity. The Coldness and Indifference which sometimes happen between married People, I believe it is greatly in a Woman's Power to guard against, there is one Rule which I think is infallible, except the Husband be a very *vicious* or a *jealous* Man, and against such there is no Defence (Patience and Prayer is all I
can

can recommend to the unhappy Sufferers under this Misfortune) the Rule I mean is *Decency* in the most enlarged, and every Sense of it. Good-Nature, Neatness of Person, Delicacy both in Sentiment and Expression, with a modest Reserve, is infinitely engaging, and will not only render a Woman amiable and dear to her Husband, but command Respect from all that know her.

Perhaps, Madam, you will think, since I have said so much to the married, I ought to say something to the unmarried of my Sex ; and that you may know Part of my Sentiments relating to them, I will transcribe a few Lines, which, as I permitted them to be used on another Occasion, you may possibly have seen, though you knew not who was the Author.

Ye lovely Nymphs of *Britain's* beauteous
Race,
Let no false Shews your native Charms disgrace,
Ape not the vain Coquette, too kind or rude,
Nor imitate the stiff dissembling Prude.

A Heart

A Heart to Pride unknown, a Smile sincere ;

A mild Address, an unaffected Air
Will make Mankind your pleasing Worth
approve,

And gently fix the lasting Chain of Love.

Thus, dear *Sophia*, do I give you my Thoughts freely, and though I want your Art to dress them up with Ease, Elegance and Grace, yet hope to have the Honour of your Sanction in their Favour.

I heartily pity poor Miss *Polly*, it must be a great Mortification to a once reigning Toast, an Idol fondly adored, to be entirely neglected ; and yet it is a common Case. I wish her pathetic * Complaint may be of Service to the fair Sisterhood : I think every young Lady should have the Lesson deeply infix'd in her Mind, but she must learn it when she is very young.

H

For

* A Copy of Verses by a young Lady lamenting the Injuries she had suffered from a vile Deceiver.

For early will the treach'rous Tempters
come :

They spread their Nets for Beauty in its
Bloom.

O happy she that can *betimes* beware,
And shun the sly Deluder's gilded Snare.

Inclination prompts me to go on in this
jingling Strain, but Reason tells me you
have at this time enough of the Imper-
tinnence of

Dear Madam,

Yours, &c.

MARIA.

L E T T E R XXII.

TO SOPHIA.

Dear Madam,

I Am now with my Cousin at his little
Country House in the lonely Village
of — As he has no Wife, nor I any
Acquaintance near, and his Affairs require
his

his Attendance most part of the Day, I pass my time by my self, which at this Season is not the most eligible Situation. Were it Summer I believe I should like it very well ; for though I have some social Tendencies in my Temper, and strong ones too, yet no one can bear Solitude better than myself, or enjoy it more, if it be not attended with great Inconveniences.

I return my sincere Thanks for the Advice in your last ; be assured you cannot confer a greater Obligation upon me than by continuing to give it me freely, unless you would be so very kind as to inform me whenever you see any thing in me that incurs your Disapprobation : This is the highest Favour I can ask. One request I most earnestly intreat and flatter my self you will indulge me in, as it has not only the amiable Appearance of Friendship, but also carries with it the Merit of doing Good. I know a Temper warm and inadvertent as mine (so little cultivated too) must be liable to many Mistakes, obvious to others while they are conceal'd from me. And I should be quite happy if an honest judicious Friend would represent them to

me in a proper Light, that I might have it in my Power to correct them. A true Friend should be like a true Mirror which reflects the Blemishes as well as the Beauties of the Object before it, but with this Difference, the Mirror exposes both in publick and private—a Friend's Reflection should always be in Secret. Such a Treasure have I long sought, but never yet could find, except the good *Sophia*, who is so well qualified for the Office, will condescend to be my Monitress. I often examine my self, but I am not the proper Person to find out what is amiss in *Maria*. This reminds me of a Couplet I have somewhere seen, and am much pleased with.

“ The Faults of others we with Ease
 “ discern,
 “ But our own Frailties are the last we
 “ learn.

Since *Algarotti* has afforded you so much Pleasure I am glad I recommended it. When I came from *London* I left my own
 Sett

Sett with the rest of my Books, part of my Apparel, and many other things in Custody with Mrs. —, with whom I then thought them very safe; but Time and Experience has discovered my Mistake: Nor is this the only Disappointment I have met with; but I still comfort myself with new Hopes.

For though fond Hope our Wishes oft deceives,

The Charmer still deludes, the Heart believes;

And, sure, to credit her is better far,
Than fall a Sacrifice to black Despair.

Despair! dire Fiend! bids ev'ry Pleasure cease

And leaves no Passage to returning Peace.
But lovely Hope, with mitigating Smiles,
Cheers the sad Heart, and weary Care
beguiles,

With Angel-sweetness sooths the throbbing Breast,

And sings the troubled Passions into Rest.

With this kind Companion we can never be totally unhappy.

On the first Perusal of Miss *Polly's* Complaint I saw it was calculated for the grand Metropolis; I fancy it has been written some time; the Thoughts are natural, and some of them prettily expressed: But I suppose, Madam, you don't think it extremely poetical, nor do I think much of it applicable to the pretended Authoress to whom it is now apply'd.

You have judg'd right in supposing *Cleora* a free Briton, for she still remains a Votary to *Diana* in Spight of all Assaults, and has lately oblig'd one Hero to raise his Siege; but some have blamed her for it, as he is a Gentleman of great Merit and a genteel Fortune.

I am surpriz'd and sorry at what you tell me of Miss —, she is an amiable young Person, of a sweet Temper, and good natural Sense, but I find has ruin'd her self for want of Prudence. There is something very odd and astonishing to me in this Affair, for when I left — she was upon the Verge of Matrimony to a young Gentleman in Possession of a good Estate—

How

How careful ought Parents to be in the Education of Daughters, and how cautious ought Daughters to be in their Commerce with the World!

Folly's gay Snares in ev'ry Path are laid,
And Baits of Pleasure catch th' unwary
Maid.

Of this Truth there are too many Instances, and yet (exulting let me speak it) we have some illustrious Examples, bright with all intellectual Excellencies, and honourable in the Practice of every Virtue: I could name several in this eminent Class, with whom I have the Honour to be acquainted, and one in particular, who is the Glory of her Sex, and an Ornament to the present Age, one of whom you have often heard me speak with Pleasure, and joined in the equitable Praise. Wherever I see Merit I am fond of it, and consequently must be,

Dear Madam,

Your sincere Admirer,

and obedient Servant,

MARIA.

L E T T E R XXIII.

To *Sophia*.

Dear Madam,

THERE is an inexpressible Pleasure in discovering that the Sentiments of a Person we greatly esteem are correspondent with our own. This Pleasure I experienc'd in the Perusal of your last welcome Letter, particularly in your Opinion of *Emma's* poetical Epistle to her Lover : I never lik'd these fond Addresses from our Sex to the other ; tho' I feel a tender Compassion for the unhappy Complainants ; yet I believe as you do, that Folly and Indiscretion are too often the Cause of their Misfortunes ; and I own the Truth of what you quote, that

“ Wisdom would better Counsel give.

But consider, Madam, that Wisdom is seldom a Companion of the *Teens*, which is generally the Time when Beauty-Catchers

ers and * *Fortune-Hunters* make their Attempts : The Child is taken ere she arrives at the Perfection and Judgment of a Woman, and when once in their Power, is soon conducted into devious Paths, far removed from that which Wisdom frequents : But I shall leave moralizing to inform you, which I do with great Pleasure, that I have a near Prospect of seeing good Mrs. — freed from her long Confinement, and her little Estate preserved in spite of her merciless Prosecutor. You ask, my dear *Sophia*, what, and where he would be if he had his Deserts, according to the Opinion the World has of him ? Why, he would certainly be one of the most despicable Things in the whole Creation, and his Situation a most terrible one, where, I hope, we shall never appear. The Affairs of the poor unfortunate — are now very nigh being completed to her Satisfaction, the Money already collected being nearly enough to answer Debt and Fees ; and what is wanting will be disbursed

* The latter indeed are known sometimes

“ To take their Stand,

“ Upon a Widow's Jointure Land.

buried for her by a Gentleman employed to make an End with the Creditor. I visited her Yesterday, and informed her of what was design'd in her Favour, when she made a fervent Address to Heaven, and said, Surely she should *never forget this Providence, this unhop'd for Blessing* ; and the natural Emotions on these Occasions succeeded, which I beheld with a warm Impression almost equal to her's.—O, what a Pleasure there is in comforting the Distressed ! Your self, your generous Brother, and his Family, have largely contributed towards it, and I join my hearty Thanks with the grateful Prisoner's for this extraordinary Benefaction.

I come now, Madam, to the most serious Part of your Letter concerning the Soul, which I firmly believe to be an ever-active conscious Being ; and though I don't allow her Existence to be Thought, yet Thinking is most certainly a Faculty co-existent with her as Heat and Light in the Sun ; and it is not in the least to be doubted but the Almighty has design'd the rational and reflecting Faculty to be as lasting as her self, but if he pleased could
divest

divest her of that Power, and yet continue her spiritual Essence, as easily as he can take Light and Heat from the Sun, and yet continue its material Substance.

It was not your Expression, Madam, but the Opinion of the old Philosopher you quoted, that I took the Liberty to censure, and it is very probable you may have Objections to what I have here asserted; if you have I beg of you to communicate them freely, and send them very soon to

Your affectionate and obliged

MARIA.

L E T T E R XXIV.

To ———.

Dear Madam,

THAT our Enemies are sometimes Instruments of more Good to us than our Friends is certain; but as their Intention is bad at the very instant we receive the Good, I can't think they are from thence entitled to our Pardon, but
we

we ought to praise and adore that Power who alone is able to bring Good out of Evil, and who works our Deliverance from the very Causes design'd for our Destruction; yet I am not of an obdurate un-renting Temper, for it is impossible for a Person to offend me beyond the Reach of Forgiveness, upon the least Sign of Repentance; but who would be willing to excuse a Highwayman for one Robbery while he is in the Act of committing another?

You will readily believe, Madam, that I must be extremely pleased with your Observations upon *Jonathan's* Friendship with *David*, when I inform you that the first tender Impression I was sensible of I receiv'd from the Account we have of it in the first Book of *Samuel*; I was then indeed a Child not above six or seven Years of Age, but so fond of this little Narrative, that I indulg'd my self a long Time with reading it almost every Day, and was so deeply affected that it always melted me into Tears. Your Quotation of what *Jonathan* said to *David* has in it all that can be expressed, or imagin'd, of pious Resignation

nation to the Will of God, of Grandeur and Generosity of Sentiment, and the highest Degree of Love that can possibly be shewn from one Friend to another, and yet I am fully persuaded that every one who is capable of an exalted Friendship would readily and joyfully, make the same Concessions, were they in the same Situation; but though they cannot be in the same Situation, their Sentiments are as generous and honourable to their Friend, except in a Heart impregnated with Pride.

Pride, that imperious Fiend too well I
know,

A Fiend which oft has been MARIA's
Foe.

The Bad are her's, but sometimes she'll
intrude,

And stain a Soul that otherwise is good;
For, once admitted, she'll engross the
Heart,

Swell it with Rage, and act a Tyrant's Part.

You, Madam, have a proper Idea of this
little Dæmon who has such a magnify'd
Opinion

Opinion of her own Greatness and Merit that she is constantly employ'd in Self-Adoration; and you have justly describ'd her with a squinting Eye, with which she is continually looking askew at the good Qualities of others, and casting out Glances of Contempt.

I thank you for giving me your Thoughts so fully upon that pure, sublime and heavenly Ardour which above all others deserves the Name of *Love*, it being a Love of the most dis-interested and elevated Kind.

A Love which greater Transports can impart,

Than e're possess'd a sensual Lover's Heart :

A Love which ne'er knew Guilt, or Shame, or Fear,

Whose Joys are lasting, solid, and sincere.

What you have said concerning the Soul, is well conceiv'd and elegantly express'd, but you must pardon me, Madam, if I presume

presume to offer something in favour of my former Opinion ; I will speak but this once and have done. I cannot yet bring my self to think that a Creature's being in a State of Imperfection, either changes its Species, or gives it another Denomination : A Man in a Lunacy must still be call'd a Man, tho' he acts in a devious and unmanly manner, and is incapable of doing any thing agreeable to the Judgment of a sober Man : So I apprehend that the Soul divested of her rational, or reflecting Faculties would yet be call'd a Soul notwithstanding her stupid, pitiable Condition. Were the Sun depriv'd of its fervid and luminous Qualities, it would indeed be a mere Mass of Matter ; nor do I think it more in the fullest Blaze of its meridian Glory ; but if I am in an Error I submit to your better Judgment, and agree entirely with your Sentiments of the Deity, the eternal Employment of the Soul, her enlarg'd Faculties, and the Importance of reveal'd Religion.

I am, with all possible Respect,

Dear Madam, Yours, &c.

MARIA.

L E T T E R XXV.

To——

Reverend Sir,

YOUR Letters, like the Messages of good Angels, are full of Beneficence, Peace, Good-will, and joyful Tidings: I have always, from my Infancy, greatly venerated the Clergy, and it gives me the highest Satisfaction to see my self honour'd with the Friendship of a Gentleman who so worthily wears the sacred Character. The Obligations I am under to your Benevolence rise quicker than I can repay them, even by verbal Acknowledgments. The empty Return of Thanks is the All in my Power, and I beg they may be acceptable for your kind Offices both to my Kinsman and my self.

I find you have a Scheme on Foot for my Interest, which I am entirely a Stranger to: This is a most generous Design, and I am oblig'd to wish well to it on a double Account, first as I know it will
give

give a sensible Pleasure to one of my best Friends, and next as it is calculated for my Advantage; but pray, Sir, how long must it be a Secret to me? or, should I desire a communication of it in your next will you not tax me with that impertinent Curiosity which some People are apt to charge our Sex with? Yet it is natural for us to be inquisitive in what concerns ourselves. However, if you have any Reason not to discover it yet, I can suspend my Curiosity as long as you please; for, if I know any Thing of myself, I have as little of that Principle in me as any body; this probably may be owing to a faulty Indolence of which I have many Symptoms.

I am extremely oblig'd to the very ingenious Dr S—— for his sincere Attachment to my Interest, and as my Circumstances do really require an Addition to make my Situation easy, and place me in the happy! happy! state of Independency: I am much inclin'd to close with his indulgent Offer, in order to attain so desirable an End, but must take a little Time to consider upon it before I finally determine, being doubtful of the Success of a second Subscription,

I having

having by Death, and other Vicissitudes incident to the Human State, lost all Prospect of Advantage from those who were formerly my greatest Benefactors: Sir *W—— H—ks—tb* subscrib'd three Guineas, (exclusive of what he gave at receiving the Book) made a personal Application in my Favour to many of his Acquaintance, and sent his chief Servant to others with Proposals, a Letter of Recommendation, and List of such Persons as had subscrib'd; he also printed five hundred Proposals for me, twice at his own Expence. Alas! he is dead. Mr *H—tcb's*, Mr *P--ll--n's*, Mrs *L--y--n's*, Mrs *S—tb's* and *H—de's* Families all subscrib'd generously themselves, and were as zealous in my Interest as a Country Elector for his favorite Candidate. These were all in *Yorkshire*, where I had many sincere Friends, both among the Clergy and Lay-Gentry who are since dead. At *Cambridge* Mr *W--lk--n--son*, a Fellow of *Emanuel* College did me great Service. And in *Norfolk* several good Families espoused my Interest, and largely promoted it, particularly some of the dignify'd Clergy, and others of Distinction among the Laity; many of these
are

are dead, or so chang'd in situation that I cannot hope to avail myself by their Assistance now. I could give many more Instances which I omit, these being sufficient to shew how much room I have to be diffident in the Undertaking. On the other Hand, I can, for my Encouragement, reflect that when the Subscription was commenc'd for the Volume I formerly published, I liv'd obscure in a small Country Town a Hundred and Fifty Miles distant from the Place of my Nativity, and in a County where but two Years before I knew not a single Person, yet there it pleas'd God to raise me a great Number of Friends thro' whose Influence I gain'd an honourable List of Subscribers; his Power and Goodness are unalterable, and I have had such large Experience of it that I have more than a common Expectation from this ALMIGHTY FRIEND.

My *Yorkshire* Interest I look upon as nearly lost, from the Incidents before mention'd, and my being absent; yet I have two or three Friends there still, who I am certain will assist me. When I had the Pleasure of seeing Sir *H.* at your House,

he was so obliging as to assure me that if ever it was in his Power to serve me in any Thing he would readily do it, and if he be in *England*, I dare say at your Request would promote this Scheme. Dr S——'s Interest in *Holland* I believe would be considerable, and Mr L—g's, Mr B——r's, Mr L—n's, Mrs A—s, Mrs G—'s, Mrs W——'s, with some few others, are Families I could depend upon to join in this beneficent Agency; as to the rest I must trust to Providence.

Thus, Sir, have I stated the Case on both Sides, and submit it to your Consideration while I have it under mine; but during my stay in this Place cannot proceed in any Thing, for many Reasons, particularly want of Health, the Air not agreeing with me, but I am not certain whither I shall remove, for the Answer I have received from the People at W——m, they will not differ with me, and I have suffer'd so much by trusting to precarious Terms, from a natural Credulity of Temper, that I now grow more cautious and hardly know how to transact any Thing, for fear of being disappointed and deceiv'd. I wish
your

your Scheme first mention'd might succeed for, though I know not what it is, I hope it would enable me to fix somewhere. Were I a Villager near some Post-Town in a peaceful Retirement, I could live to God and myself, and enjoy the Correspondence of two or three sincere Friends. I think I should be then as happy as this World could make me: I should be as fond of my Apartment as a Hermit of his Cell, and care as seldom to quit it: There would I wait the last important Hour with Content and Cheerfulness, while I was daily making a due Preparation for it.

This is the most ardent Desire of

Reverend Sir,

Your greatly oblig'd

Humble Servant,

M. MASTERS.

P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

A Morning ODE.

A URORA, Queen of chearful Day,
Has chac'd the gloomy Shades away
Of melancholy Night;
The Sun, with peerless Lustre crown'd,
Now spreads the shining Blessing round,
And charms my ravish'd Sight.

O fairest Emblem of that Pow'r,
Whose gracious Influence we adore,
How glorious are thy Beams!
Thy Beams the solemn Woods pervade,
They gild the gay enamell'd Mead,
And glitter in the Streams!

Bright *Phæbus*, thou alone canst show
All that is great and good below,
Or elegant, or fair;
And, but for thy resplendent Light,
A long uncomfortable Night
Wou'd Human Life appear.

What-e'er is tempting to the View,
From thee derives its pleasing Hue,
And shews its comely Form :
For without thy disclosing Rays,
Beauty would lose its lovely Blaze,
And want the Pow'r to charm.

'Tis Light alone that can dispense
The Pleasures of the visual Sense,
Our principal Delight ;

What

What envious Darkneſs would conceal,
Thy kind propitious Rays reveal,
And glad th' admiring Sight.

Can we the grateful *Perſian* blame,
Who felt the warm enliv'ning Flame,
And ſaw it's dazling Ray,
If he, with Reverence Divine,
To *Oroſmades* rais'd the Shrine,
And hymn'd the God of Day?

A God to him he well might ſeem,
Who never knew a higher Theme,
Than what blind Nature taught;
For Reason, unaffiſted, might,
Surpriz'd by ſuch an Orb of Light,
Gaze with adoring Thought.

Ere

Ere the Supreme Almighty One
 By his prophetic Seers was shown,
 The Wise in Darkneſs trod !
 'Till Revelation Reaſon join'd,
 And lighted up the Human Mind,
 To know th' Eternal God.

*On the NATIVITY of our BLESSED
 SAVIOUR.*

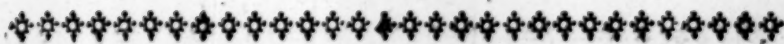
IN yearly Strains our laurell'd Poets ſing,
 And celebrate the Birth-days of the King,
 The crowding Peers their conſtant Homage
 pay,
 And hail the Monarch on his natal Day.
 When GEORGE was born is told his Realms
 around,
 Men, Bells and Guns proclaim the joyful
 Sound ;
To

To earthly Kings be such due Honours giv'n,
But nobler far should wait the Lord of Heav'n,
Not a few scanty Realms should sing his
Praise,

But the whole World one sacred Anthem
raise,

Let Seraphs come to swell the Concert higher,
And add to ours their own celestial Choir,

Let all unite on this auspicious Morn
And carol loud—the GREAT MESSIAH'S
born,



On FRIENDSHIP.

FRRIENDSHIP is *Love* from all its Dross
refin'd

The chaste Enjoyment of th' immortal Mind:

A

A Passion warm, benevolent, sincere,
 'Tis such as Angels do to Angels bear.
 Unmix'd with wanton Thoughts and loose
 Desires,

The purer Flame to nobler Heights aspires;
 To ease the Bosom that is deep distress'd,
 And raise the Transport of the joyful Breast;
 This Gift Divine the Pow'r supreme bestows,
 To aid our joys and dissipate our Woes:
 To make the chearful Hours of Life more gay,
 And drive the melancholy Shades away.

To Miss *H*—— on her Marriage with
 Captain *J*——.

AMIDST those Crowds that on your
 Nuptials wait,

And make new Visits on your alter'd State ;

Admit

Admit, bright Nymph the faithful Maid who
long

Has wish'd to pay this tributary Song :

Congratulating, let me thus appear,

Big with kind wishes, and a Joy sincere.

Black Envy now her venom'd Tongue will
cease

The Rival Beauties, sure, will sleep in Peace ;

Secur'd this Day from all the keen A-
larms,

Which once they felt from your superior
Charms :

A sacred Bar, the hymeneal Chain,

Cuts off the Hope of each desiring Swain ;

All, all, but one, must at a distance gaze,

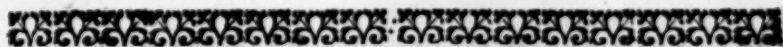
In Silence wonder, or with Caution praise :

But

But oh, what Rapture must his Soul possess,
Whom beauteous *Alithea* deigns to bless!
Happy the Man, and much indulg'd by
Heav'n,
To whose fair Lot so rich a Prize is given;
A Bride whom smiling Nature form'd to please,
Whose Looks are Grandeur, and whose Motion
Ease;
When Eloquence adorns the graceful Maid,
And rapid Wit by steady Judgment sway'd,
When ev'n her shining Form we see out-
shin'd,
By the Superior Lustre of her mind!
'Tis then that Love triumphant points his Dart,
And plants it deeper in the wounded Heart;
Then shall the Lover boast his Hopes compleat,
And find his Joys as durable as great.

May

May that kind Pow'r which crowns your
 mutual Love,
 Propitious to this happy Union prove :
 May Youth roll on with Health and Pleasure
 gay,
 And Peace and Honour bless your latter Day.



P S A L M XXV.

TO thee, my God most mighty, and
 must just,

I lift my rising Soul, in thee I trust.

Oh let not shame, my humbled Head depress,

Nor my pleas'd Foes rejoice at my Distress ;

Unblemish'd Honour free from all Disgrace,

Is the fair Portion of thy faithful Race ;

But

But black Confusion closely will attend,
That Wretch who dares presumptuously offend.

Instruct me, Lord, make me thy Precepts
know,

Point out the Path in which 'tis peace to go ;
On thee, my God, my Saviour, and my Friend,
On thee undoubting shall my Soul attend ;
Oh ! think on all thy tender Mercies past,
(From ancient Times thy tender Mercies last)
And let thy Favour my Transgressions blot,
Be all my frail, my erring Youth forgot ;
To this blest Hour let thy remitting Grace,
Indulgent flow, and ev'ry Sin efface,
The Righteous Lord most merciful and kind,
Will teach his holy Laws to weak Mankind ;
Un-erring Judgment to the Meek impart,
And plant true Wisdom in the lowly Heart :

Who

Who follows thee, my God, will surely prove,
 Thy ways are Peace, and Pleasantness, and
 Love.

Oft have my wandrings urg'd thy Wrath to
 flame,

Yet let me hope the Love I dare not claim :
 The pious Man who shall thy Name revere,
 May chuse his Path, and thou wilt lead him
 there.

His Life in calm Tranquillity shall pass,
 And large Possessions bless his lasting Race ;
 From him the Lord no knowledge will con-
 ceal,

But all his sacred Purposes reveal.

To God I look, to him direct my Pray'r,
 That he may free me from the treach'rous
 Snare :

Oh turn thee Lord, and grant a quick Relief
To me distress'd, and overcome with Grief:
See my Affliction, my sad Weight of Woe!
And to my lab'ring Soul compassion show:
Think what proud Numbers for my Ruin
wait,
How vast their Pow'r, and how intense their
Hate!
Do thou my Soul from all their Rage protect,
Give me a stedfast Eye and Look erect:
Be my firm Heart from ev'ry Terror free,
For I have plac'd my only Hope in thee.
Then let Integrity my Counsels guide,
Since I in thee, in thee alone, confide:
And see, with Pity see, sad *Israel's* Tears,
Relieve his Sorrows, and remove his Fears.

An

An Answer to an Epistle sent me by a Gentleman on the Death of his Father.

THOU, whose sad Lines a Father's
Death bewail,
Who call'st on me to aid the tragic Tale;
Thy moving Sorrows are not ill address'd,
Since native Pity melts the Female Breast;
With just Regard I read thy mournful Strains,
And sympathizing, feel the Mourner's Pains:
'Tis sacred Grief, 'tis beautiful Distress,
Yet think, my Friend, there's Error, in Excess;
When Death at first in all his dread Array,
Divides the conscious Soul from lifeless Clay,
When a lov'd Parent feels the parting Blow,
'Tis Height of Anguish all, and Rage of Woe!
Not all the Force of Language unconfin'd,
Can then appease the deep-afflicted Mind.

But this is Nature's Triumph for a Day,
The Interval when Reason quits her Sway;
She, mild, returning wisely will impart,
Serener Dictates to the tortur'd Heart,
And kindly would afford a calm Relief,
Did we not shun her, and carefs our Grief;
This thou hast done devoted to Despair,
Forfook Society, and nourished Care,
Try'd ev'ry Way thy Sorrows to improve,
Wander'd alone, and fought the gloomy Grove,
Where Sighs may breathe, and Tears may
freely flow,

For Solitude, is still the Nurse of Woe;
In filent Shades sad Melancholy reigns,
But too indulgent to the Mourner's Pains;
Reflection there supplies the parted View,
And keeps the fatal Vision ever new:

Fly

Fly these lone Haunts, to friendly Domes repair,

And social Converse shall divert thy Care :

But if this moving Image of Distress,

A Father's Death thy rising Soul depress,

Revolve the Virtues which he once possess'd,

And think those Virtues now have made him
blest,

But chiefly let my Friendship here perswade,

Which bids thee call Religion to thy Aid,

Her Dictates shall thy ev'ry Loss repair,

The friendly Counsel, and paternal Care,

For ever station'd in the pious Breast,

Wisdom shall reign, and true Contentment
rest,

*On hearing a Sermon preached by the Reverend
Mr ———.*

COULD all like him the sacred Gospel
preach,

And heav'nly Truths in heav'nly Language
teach,

Display the Scriptures in so clear a View,

And urge the Precept by Example too,

No more the slighted Clergy wou'd complain,

They labour for the good of Souls in vain:

RELIGION would in native Lustre shine,

The Priest and Office both esteem'd Divine:

For when by *Him* the Christian Duty's taught,

There is no Leisure for a wand'ring Thought,

As from his Tongue the sweet Instruction
flows,

Each ardent Mind in ev'ry Virtue grows.

PSALM

P S A L M XLH.

AS thirsty Harts pant for the cooling Flood,
 So pants my longing Soul for thee, my
 God.

I pant, I languish, and I thirst for thee;
 Oh, when shall I thy living Lustre see!
 When will thy Presence wonted Joy impart,
 Fill my desiring Soul, and cheer my Heart?
 In vain the Sun displays his radiant Light,
 In vain to Day succeeds the Starry Night;
 For each to me alike one Gloom appears,
 And both are witness to my falling Tears;
 Careless of Ease, and negligent of Rest,
 Devouring Grief has my whole Soul possess'd;
 While, to encrease my Pain, th' insulting Foe,
 With Joy malignant, mocks my rising Woe;

I hear, I feel, the deeply wounding Scorn,
And with incessant Anguish only mourn,
Whilst thus the Scoffers tauntingly upbraid;
Where is thy God? Where now, his promis'd
Aid?

For I had gone with the devoted Throng,
And in his Temple join'd the sacred Song,
With those who joyful tune the sprightly Lay,
And to his Honour dedicate the Day.

Why, O my Soul! art thou so much distress'd?
Oh! why with such a Weight of Sorrow press'd?
In the Most High thy Confidence repose,
Almighty Pow'r shall crush thy fiercest Foes;
Heed not the Fools who scoffingly upbraid,
I yet shall thank him for his promis'd Aid;
Look down, my God, behold my wasting Grief,
From thee my suffering Soul implores Relief,
Where'er

Where'er I am, I still invoke thy Name,
 From *Hermon's* Mount, by *Jordan's* limpid
 Stream :

Oh, with one gracious Smile my Grief assuage,
 Who long have born the cruel Tyrant's Rage,
 While the loud Torrents rushing force their
 Way,

Wave after Wave in terrible Array !
 Yet sure my God will give his kind Command,
 And drive far hence the vile insulting Band ;
 Then shall his Praises dwell upon my Tongue,
 And ev'ry Night shall hear the grateful Song :
 To him each Day shall rise the constant Pray'r,
 And constant Praise implore perpetual Care.

But why, my God, my Strength, am I for-
 got ?

Why left to gloomy Care and pensive Thought ?
 Still

Still thou art absent, still I daily mourn,
Th' insulting Enemies repeated Scorn.

Not the disjointing Sword or venom'd Dart,
Can, like thy Absence, penetrate my Heart :
While I am doom'd to feel the Scorners's Rod,
Who flouting cry, where now thy boasted
God ?

No hostile Weapon can so deeply wound,
As this afflicting Thought, this piercing Sound:
But why, my Soul, art thou so much distress'd?
Oh! why with such a Weight of Sorrow
press'd?

Still in thy God full Confidence repose,
Almighty Pow'r shall crush thy strongest Foes,
His Favour yet thou shalt with Joy proclaim,
And all thy Pow'rs uniting, praise his Name.

My

My Love describ'd to CAMILLA.

MY Love is of celestial Birth,
A bright Angelic Flame,
That makes a Paradise on Earth,
And FRIENDSHIP is its Name.

FRIENDSHIP that softens ev'ry Toil,
And lessens ev'ry Care,
That gives to Joy a sweeter smile,
And Comfort to Despair.

FRIENDSHIP on VIRTUE's Basis fix'd,
Can countless Pleasures give;
When social Souls are kindly mix'd,
And in each other live.

A tender Wish of mutual Good,
Glow's warm in either Breast ;
Stronger by far than Tyes of Blood,
More lastingly impress'd.

Exchanging Thoughts and blending Cares
Afford extreme Delight,
To those exalted happy Pairs,
Whom FRIENDSHIP's Joys unite.

Nor Force nor Interest can compel
This heav'nly Bliss below ;
Resembling Minds alone can tell
From whence such Pleasures flow.

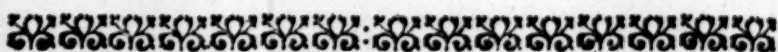
*To the same on her telling me a very acceptable
piece of News.*

HAPPY Tidings to declare,
Will the anxious Bosom ease,
But when Friends the Tidings bear,
Then 'tis sure to doubly please;
Thou wert a chosen Messenger to me,
As if all Good must be convey'd by thee.

Thy Tongue with heav'nly Wisdom fraught
Informs my op'ning Mind;
In ev'ry Soul delighting Thought,
I sweet Instruction find:
Thy Presence does sublimest Joy dispense,
While Female Sweetness softens Manly Sense.

Thy

Thy pious Converse gives Delight
 To my attentive Ear ;
 Thy well-penn'd Letters please my Sight ;
 Thy Counsels ease my Care :
 Heav'n surely more than common Blessing
 sends,
 Whenever it bestows religious Friends.



AN EPISTLE TO —

WHILE some, my Friend, neglectful
 of their ease,
 For ever busy, plow the Indian Seas ;
 While artful Statesmen court coy Fortune's
 Smiles,
 And plod in Politic's laborious Toils :

Let

Let us with Care survey this wond'rous Maze,
And follow Nature through her various Ways;
Consider Man in all his Scenes of Care,
His useless Grief, his ignorant Despair.

Man, who inconstant through each Stage of
Life,

Sinks into Woes, or plunges into Strife :

Subject to Fortune's Frowns, who still dis-
dains

To bear Controul, but breaks Distinction's
Reins :

Or by the headstrong Passions hurry'd on,
Grasps at a Shade, and seeks to be undone;
Various Resolves now shake his lab'ring
Mind :

He stumbles next on what he ne'er design'd;
How can his diff'rent Humours be express'd?
Or who can paint the Chaos in his Breast?

Man

With Reason blest; he still mistakes his View,
Pursues false Notions, or neglects the true;
Stubborn he roams, and heedless scorns his
Guide,

And plunges deep in Falsehood's muddy Tide;
Tugs through the Sea of Life his leaky Bark,
And proud, and stubborn wanders in the Dark.

Audacious Man, that Reptile of an Hour,
Presumptuous dares high Heav'n's eternal
Pow'r;

Blinded by Pride, does boundless Heights explore,

And leaves those easy Paths he trod before.
A Slave to error, soars above his Sphere,
And smiles with impious Mirth at pious Fear;
With evangelic Verity finds fault,
And boldly mends what *Inspiration* taught.

Wou'd

Wou'd (tho' a Stranger to himself) dispute,
 And call in question ev'ry Attribute;
 Darts at Futurity the senseless Joke!
 And laughs at Truths which Reverend Pro-
 phets spoke;
 Afferts that Man, when Death has fix'd his
 Doom,
 Lies like the Brutes forgotten in the Tomb.

Forbear vain Man, give these re-searches
 o'er,

Nor what thou can'st not comprehend explore!
 Why wou'dst thou know what Nature has
 forbid?

Why seek those Depths, which lye in Dark-
 ness hid?

L

Why

Why wou'dst thou soar on weak *Icarian*
wings,

And rashly pry into mysterious Things?

Impartial Heav'n, if Heav'n had thought it
right!

Had laid all Nature open to thy Sight:

Had stamp'd Omniscience on thy weaker
Soul,

And thou hadst known the Fabric of the
whole.

This Heav'n refus'd: yet Man, that thing
of Clay,

Breath of an Hour and verdure of a Day:

Boldly asserts (so boundless is his Pride,)

Reason alone, an all-sufficient Guide.

Stop

Stop thy Career, Religion's Laws obey,
She soon will lead thee thro' a smoother Way:
Will mildly place thy Follies to thy view,
And teach those Virtues which thou shou'dst
pursue,

Will bid thee open thy mistaken Eyes,
And kindly shew thee where thy Error lies:
Read with Attention, and consider well,
What Scriptures promise, and what Gospels
tell;

View how each Law in Reason takes its Root,
And then those Laws, if possible, dispute.

Mysterious Truths like gentle Rivers flow,
First rush from Rocks, then run thro' Vales
below,

The silver Waves we see with Pleasure glide,
Rapid their Stream, and fertile is their Tide;
Charm'd with the Blessings of their healthful
Course,

Who'd vainly seek to trace the hidden Source.

If God ne'er acts without immediate Cause,

Why all his Precepts, and for what his Laws?

Reason had taught us, if our only Guide,

To fly the Robber, and the Homicide,

And moral, and religious Want supply'd.

Unhappy Nations, where no Laws subsist,
No Precepts govern; and no Rules exist!

Where strong Oppression bears despotic Sway,

And force their Subjects, trembling, to obey!

Where Ostentation leads the Way to Fame,

And Virtue's made a Tool to raise a Name!

Where

Where Glory blazes like a Meteor bright,
 The sudden Wonder of one awful Night!
 Where Friendship, Falsehood, Pity, lawless
 Force,

Take from one Bosom a resistless Course?
 Inconstant Heroes, warring in their Will,
 Now fond of Virtue, and now prone to Ill!
 By her assisted, Fame's Ascent they climb,
 Or lost to Glory, triumph in a Crime.

But Heav'n, more watchful for our future
 Bliss,

Has pointed out the Road to Happiness,
 Has blacken'd Vice with all her gloomy Train,
 And bid fair Virtue spotless White remain:

“ Be yours the Choice, pursue or that or this,

“ Your certain Ruin, or your certain Bliss;

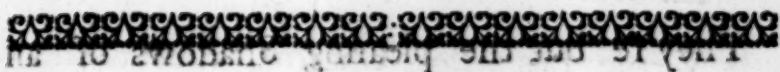
“ Embrace not Vice, her gilded Ruin shun,
“ Virtue has artless Charms, court those or
be undone.

Here use thy Reason, all thy Efforts try,
Obey thy God, and prize Eternity :
Virtue with pious Steps pursue in Time,
Mount by Degrees, nor tumble as you climb;
Soon shall the uncouth Passage disappear,
Thy Eyes will open, and the Prospect clear.

Man, by his sufferings, the true Hero shows,
Who calmly bears the Burden of his Woes;
Who smiles at Perils, and encompasses'd round
With Troubles, bravely still maintains his
Ground.

Vexation, Sorrow, Anguish, Grief and Pain,
Will form the Hero, and compleat the Man.

A

*A Second Epistle to the Same.*

ROUSE, slumbring Soul, awake thou
drowsy Man,

And Life's most secret deep Recesses scan ;

Be pow'rful Reason thy unerring Guide,

Reason will safe conduct thee thro' the Tide }

Of wild Ambition, and insulting Pride :

Think what thou art, a Piece of mould'ring }

Clay,

Wrought into Form, the Play-thing of a }

Day,

Then swell with Pomp, with Riches or }

with Sway ; }

Consider Beauty, and reflect on Pow'r
 They're but the pleasing Shadows of an
 Hour,

A passing Pageant, and a pleasing Flow'r ;
 He that would Bliss in Pomp and Titles find,
 But courts a Shadow and embraces Wind.

Scarce yet Sixteen *Pulcheria* was admir'd,
 How many Vot'ries at her Feet expir'd !
 Nature to her Ten-thousand Graces gave,
 Eyes to ensnare, and Beauty to enslave ;
 But what is Beauty, what the sparkling Eye,
 Where Pride and Vanity the rest supply ?
 False Jewels thus a glaring Lustre give,
 And at a Distance ev'ry Eye deceive ;
 But when we view the polish'd Pebbles near,
 The fair Delusions, as they should, appear.

The

The wanton Charmer conscious of her
Sway,

Proudly triumphant, and too vainly gay,
Acts the Coquet, while all her Swains despair,
The willing Coxcombs of a trifling Fair ;
A thousand pretty awkward Tricks she plays,
A thousand tender airy Things she says:
Now smiles, now frowns, now pleasant, now
demure

She looks—but is not the same thing an Hour ;
Too soon you will repent, affected Maid !
Those Charms will languish, and those Beau-
ties fade,

Those sparkling Eyes, which at a Glance
cou'd slay,

Shall lose their Lustre, languish and decay ;

Then

Then shall you rage *Pulcheria*, and complain,
Your Rage but idle, and Complaining vain.

The Turns of Empire great *Superbus* knew,
And thus the low ambitious Statesman grew;
Grasping at Pow'r, each diff'rent Part he
play'd,
His Foes protected, or his Friends betray'd:
Well taught in all the wily Games of State,
He would, no matter by what means, be Great.

But, oh! how wav'ring are the Smiles of
Kings,
False as the Syren when she sweetly Sings;
Be cautious Statesmen, shun the poison'd Bait,
Nor basely wait their Favour to be Great;
For

For young in Pow'r like tender Trees you
shoot,

But grown, one Tempest tears you from the
Root.

Behold him there by flatt'ring Crowds a-
dor'd!

An upstart Courtier, and a pension'd Lord!

But once depriv'd of Glory and of Pow'r,

Who then will flatter—and who then adore?

So the proud Jay in Peacock's Feathers dress'd,

By all the Birds was flatter'd and caress'd:

In borrow'd Grandeur stately walk'd along,

The Praise and Darling of the feather'd

Throng;

But when of ev'ry gaudy Plume bereft,

Nothing of all her former State was left;

The

The base inconstant Crowd no more revere,
A public Object of their daily Sneer.

In Iron Chests, and secret Corners lay,
Heaps of uncounted Treasure hid from Day;
Thither *Avarus* ev'ry Moment flies,
And feeds his Fancy, and delights his Eyes;
In Gold he places ev'ry Human Pleasure,
And counts Felicity by Land and Treasure.
And, tho' he wallows to the Ears in Pence,
He dares not take one single Shilling thence:
“ Why midst such Plenty, woud'st thou Nig-
gard spare?

“ Sir, to enrich my only Son and Heir.

Oh! mighty Error, Folly and Mistake,
Avarus spares that *Prodigus* may rake!

If

If Reason, foolish Man, thy Bosom sway'd,
 Thou couldst not err, for she wou'd be obey'd;
 By her deep Wisdom influenc'd thou wou'dst
 see,

Superfluous Riches are but Vanity.

See lavish *Prodigus* in Chariot lolls,
 Frequent Assemblies, Operas, and Balls;
 Behind fix powder'd lazy Valets grin,
 True Emblems of th' embroider'd Thing
 within.

Nymphs he'll support, and Horses too main-
 tain,

And thoughtless risk his Thousands at a Main;
 Thus from Extremes we fall into a worse,
 Too base Profuseness, or a greater Curse.

Honour

Honour, like Virtue, should with Pains be
sought,

Empty are Titles that are proudly bought;
Rewards for honest Deeds, they grace a Name,
Receiv'd for Money—Fool and Lord's the
same:

Virtue shall live whole Ages after Death,
Titles are Air, and *Lordships* but a Breath.
S.

*The Rose and other Flowers, a Tale; inscribed
to a young Lady.*

WHEN Beasts could speak, and fea-
ther'd Birds

Convers'd like us, and utter'd Words:

When Things inanimate could Chatter,

And moralize on ev'ry Matter.

In

In blooming Youth a sprightly Rose,
'Amidst the flow'ry Belles arose,
That paint the Gardens gay Parterre,
Herself she thought the Fairest there,
And thus she spoke with flaunting Air.

Ladies, indeed, I must confess,
I like the Colours of your Dress;
That pretty Lilly here so white,
That Hyacinth enchants my Sight.

Yon soft Carnation—how it pleases,
And sweetly, Zephyr, scents thy Breezes;
That Jonquil too, or let me die,
Is most delighting to the Eye—
The Jessamin's delicious smell,
I vow I relish very well—

The

The Tulip too her Beauty shares—
But which of you with me compares?
How well my Red and White bespeak
The Charms that dwell on *Delia's* Cheek:
And then again the Lover sips
My Sweets from *Delia's* modest Lips:
By me young Poets are supply'd,
Her Blush I give the bashful Bride;
And but for me how wond'rous faint,
Would be the Artist's mimic Paint.
Me, when enliv'ning *Phæbus* greets,
How tasteless are *Arabian* sweets:
Behold, with fine expanded Wings,
Yon flutt'ring Beaux, those busy Things
With wanton Buz around me play,
And court me all the live long Day.

Behold

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

161

Behold my Beauties well, and own
Yours center all in me alone;—
Where'er I dwell, in Gardens Bowers,
Confess me still the Queen of Flowers,
The humble Cowslip thus reply'd,
Insulting Minx we scorn your Pride;
Your Merit claims a Place 'tis true,
Among the first for Smell and Hue,
But then remember, tho' so gay,
Your Reign is but a single Day—
Consider too Nature bestows,
Not all her Favours on the Rose;
In all she does there's great Design,
You have your Use, and I have mine.

You'll now dear *Kitty* sure be able,
To guess the Moral of my Fable;—

M

That

That Riches, Beauty, Titles, Pow'r,
 Are but the Trifles of an Hour—
 Pride ill becomes the noblest Breast;
 Still the most Modest are the Best.

S

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*The ATOM and WASP; or Pride mortified.*

**A**S late I took my Morning Walk abroad,  
 And on with flow majestic Paces trod;  
 My Pride broke out; “Of what Importance I,  
 “For whom Earth rose, and this unbounded  
 sky.

“For me the Globe her golden Harvests pours,  
 “And pays her annual Debt in Herbs and  
 Flow’rs;

“For



“ For me by Day revolves yon Globe of Light,  
“ And Moon and Stars were made to gild my  
Night.

“ Creatures that Land and Air, and Ocean fill,  
“ Are all dependent on my awful Will;  
“ Pierc’d with my Shaft, the Lion roars and dies,  
“ And Whales stretch breathless, if my Jav’lin  
flies.”

As thus from Vaunt to Vaunt Ambition ran,  
Swell’d with the lordly Character of Man;  
A Wasp dash’d on me with audacious Wing;  
And on my Lip infix’d its venom’d Sting.

An Atom in that luckless Moment too,  
Whirl’d in the Wind upon my Eye-Ball blew;

The tow'ring Fancies funk, and pungent Smart,  
Gush'd from my Eyes, and stung me to the  
Heart.

At last recov'ring—" Shall presumptuous Man;  
Child of the Dust, and bounded to a Span,  
Array himself in Pride's imperial Robe,  
And boast a Sov'reign Empire o'er the Globe.

Know, Mortal, know, if thou assum'st the  
Rod,

And dar'st audacious snatch the Reign of God;  
Atoms shall, unreveng'd, insult their King,  
And Insects wound thee with tyrannick Sting.

G

## On a FOUNTAIN.

*Casim. Lib. Epod. Od. 2.*

**F**AIR Fountain with unfully'd Stream,  
That quivers in the Noon-day Beam;  
Thy Face an equal Lustre shows,  
To the Sun's glance on *Scythian* Snows.

When his plain Meal the Woodman takes,  
With thy pure Wave his Thirst he flakes;  
Translucent Orb! that cheer'st the Ground,  
Diffus'd in rich Embroid'ry round.

Harrafs'd and spent with studious Toil,  
O'er the dim Taper's midnight Oil,  
To rural Pleasures I resign,  
And on thy flow'ry Bank recline.

But o'er thy Mirror let me lave,  
My Lips in thy full brimming Wave;  
Or from my Palm thy Chrystal sup,  
Or through the Reed imbibe it up,

So may no Cattle from thy Brink,  
Dash the loose Earth, and as they drink  
With miry Hoofs thy Course restrain,  
And mar thy Beauties with a Stain,

Rent from the Willows neighb'ring Tree,  
That sucks its verdant Life from thee;  
So may no Bough presume to glide,  
Along thine ever-honour'd Tide,

And while the chequer'd Shades, among  
Thy silver, waves and winds along;

And



And thou, fresh-bubbling, still and still,  
Pour'ft from thine Urn a living Rill;

May Larks and Linnets cease to fing,  
And Zephyrs check their wanton Wing,  
To catch thy Gurgles as they rife,  
Mix'd with the Strains the Lyre fupplies.

Nor count it a Difgrace that I,  
Should join the warbling Harmony;  
For *W\*\*\** approves my early Flame,  
And *W\*\*\**'s Vote is endless Fame.

G

\*\*\*\*\*

*Cafim. Lib. i. Ode 2.*

**M**Y Friend forbear th' unmanly Cry,  
Nor let thy Bosom heave the Sigh,

Nor cloud thy Looks with Woe,  
If *Phæbus*' Rays should be restrain'd,  
And Fortune from her fickle Hand,  
Some luckless Die should throw.

To Day th' un-prison'd Whirlwinds sweep,  
And rouse to Wrath the boiling Deep,  
And warring Billows roar:  
But ere th' approaching Morning comes,  
Zephyr shall play his filken Plumes,  
And general Peace restore.

The Sun that sunk with Clouds oppress'd,  
To-morrow rising in the East;  
In his full Flame shall glow,  
Grief and gay Smiles alternate rise:  
Joy wipes the Dew-drop from our Eyes,  
And Transport treads on Woe.

The

The fullest Tides of Affluence,  
And ev'ry Joy that springs from Sense;  
O'er Rocks of Danger roll:  
Thus Heav'n decrees till that great Day,  
That sweeps these changing Scenes away,  
And rests the tossing Soul.

\* He who last Night his Oxen drove,  
To Day to *Rome* makes his remove;  
An Orb supreme to fill,  
The Yoke his Oxen wore he throws,  
Resistless on his Country's Foes:  
The Vassals of his Will.

The evening Star the Man beheld,  
An humble Tiller of the Field;  
But when the Morning came,

\* *Cincinnatus.*

He

He by the Senate's suff'rage rais'd,  
 In higheft Rank of Glory blaz'd;  
 And Realms rever'd his Name.

Should Fortune, who delights to twine,  
 A Sable with a filver Line;  
 But take a diff'rent Thread;  
 He a poor Swain his'd by the Throng,  
 That with his Triumph fwell'd his Song,  
 Muft seek his humble Shed.

His Axes that with Laurels crown'd,  
 Once struck a trembling Terror round;  
 His stubborn Billets rend,  
 His Rods \* which once the World controll'd,  
 To mend his Fire and chace the Cold,  
 Their laft Affiftance lend.

\* An *Axe* and *Rods* were carried before the Consuls of *Rome* as the Marks of their Dignity.



*To SILVIO. On his Marriage.*

**M**Y Friend, I hail thee to the State,  
For Man by Heav'n design'd;  
And hope that in a pleasing Form,  
A pleasing Soul you'll find.

Lift not your Hopes too high, nor dream  
Of Bliss unmix'd below,  
But when the blooming Rose you pluck,  
Expect a Thorn of Woe.

Wishes immoderately rais'd,  
A moderate Joy refuse;  
So the proud Sight disdains a Flow'r,  
Amidst unbounded Views.

Know

Know thine ownself, and ev'ry Day  
Thine Imperfections learn;  
So shall an ever-candid Eye,  
Thy Partner's Faults discern.

In the first Days of nuptial Life,  
Discreetly fix your Sway;  
By strict, but gentlest Methods rule,  
And joyful she'll obey.

Then shall your future Moments smile,  
Without a ruffling Strife,  
While you adorn the Husband's Sphere,  
And she the Sphere of Wife.

But

But never through the Pride of Pow'r

Be deaf to her Advice,

Enjoy the Counsels of her Heart,

And Wisdom of her Eyes.

Before your Servants ever shew

A wise unfeign'd Respect;

Nor let them from your Pattern dare

To treat her with Neglect.

Within the Circle of her Cares

Affect no ruling Part;

Let her be Mistress of your House,

That's Mistress of your Heart.

By

By Zeal for her immortal Bliss  
 Your pure Affection prove,  
 That he who join'd your Hands below,  
 May join your Souls above.

G

\*\*\*\*\*

*The various Pursuits of Mankind.*

Hor. B. i. Ode 1.

To MÆCÆNAS.

**M**ÆCÆNAS of August descent,  
 My Patron and my Ornament!  
 One feels a Fervor in his Soul,  
 Swift o'er *Olympian* Plains to roll;  
 And if, as wild the Chariot runs,  
 The Goal with dext'rous Glance he shuns,  
 And wins the Palm's ennobling Prize,  
 Mortal no more, he gains the Skies.

Him



Him if the fluctuating Crowd,  
Admire, and shouts his Praise aloud:  
Another, if he hoards the Stores,  
Collected from the *Lybian* Floors;  
Pleas'd with his brighten'd Shares to wound,  
And labour his paternal Ground;  
Not both the *Indies* could invite,  
His parting with his dear Delight;  
In a small Bark, in wild Dismay  
O'er the rough Seas to plough his Way.

The Mariner, all pale with Fright,  
When Whirlwinds mix in furious Fight,  
With the chaf'd Deep, the safe Retreat  
And Pleasures of a Country Seat  
Applauds; but soon refits again  
His shatter'd Bark, and dares the Main: }  
Such his insatiate Thirst of Gain!

Another of a diff'rent Cast,  
With good old Wines regales his Taste;  
Careless tho' he should drink away,  
The choicest Hours that crown the Day,  
Wrapt in some Arbor's verdant Shade,  
Or by a tinkling Fountain laid.

Some choose the Camp, the Trump's alarms  
That rouse the Soldier into Arms;  
Fill all their Souls with fierce Delight,  
While Nations tremble at the Sight.

The Huntsman, thoughtless of his Bride,  
Will in the frosty Air abide;  
With Hounds to hunt the flying Roe,  
Or Boar that snapt his Net in two.

The

The Laurels which the Learn'd adorn,  
Majestic on your Brows are worn;  
Hence you the mortal Race despise,  
And claim a Kindred with the Skies.

I, cover'd with a cool Retreat,  
Where Nymphs and Satyrs love to meet;  
My Pleasures find, ev'n there preferr'd,  
Sublimely o'er the vulgar Herd:  
Should the kind *Muses* sacred Choir,  
Breathe on my Lute, or tune my Lyre.

Me with the Lyric Bards enrole,  
My Fame shall spread from Pole to Pole.

N

SPRING.

## S P R I N G. A PASTORAL.

**S**TERN WINTER now resign'd his Iron  
Sway,  
Thick gloom'd his Car, by Tempests roll'd  
away;  
And SPRING, her Chariot, drawn by rosy  
Hours,  
Went forth to deck the Earth with rising  
Flow'rs;  
To breathe the sportful Zephyr and to trace,  
For the high-rolling Sun a larger Space:  
When *Colin* and *Myrtillo*, first of Swains,  
For sacred Knowledge, and melodious Strains,  
To catch the springing Gale and shun the  
Heat,  
Sat down beneath a spreading Oak's Retreat;

When



When *Colin* first in Accents grave and kind,  
Express'd the secret Musings of his Mind.

COLIN.

MYRTILLO, dearest Friend, and chiefly  
known,

For Sense and Piety thro' all our Town;  
How gracious is the God whose Providence,  
From fiery Beams has spread this green De-  
fence,

And gives us this refreshing Breeze to play,  
Along the curling Grass, and cool the Day!

MYRTILLO.

COLIN where'er we turn our wand'ring  
Eyes,

The Proofs of an Almighty Ruler rise,

From yonder Sun that shines so fiercely bright,  
To the least Fly that almost scapes the Sight:  
The Foot-steps of his Skill and Pow'r appear,  
Thro' all the Seasons of the changing Year;  
But SPRING with a peculiar Glory shows,  
Our God, and with his boundless Image glows.

COLIN.

Then let us since the Sun now fires the  
Noon,  
And the Flocks browse along the flow'ry  
Down;  
Take each an Oaten Reed, and try to sing,  
The great Creator, and Almighty King;  
So shall our Hours past-by look back again,  
With Smiles of Pleasure, nor of Guilt complain.

MYR-

MYRTILLO.

Well I approve the Thought, rejoic'd to  
 find,  
 That so much Piety inspires your Mind:  
 How fit and sweet a Work is heav'nly Praise,  
 That from itself its own Devotion pays?  
 But as you first propos'd 'tis yours to lead,  
 Begin, and I in Turns will touch my Reed.

COLIN.

*Begin my Pipe, begin the lofty Verse,  
 And the Almighty's wond'rous Works rehearse.*  
 The Maker's Word produc'd the Firma-  
 ment,  
 Stain'd it with Blue, and stretch'd its vast ex-  
 tent;

There the Sun rolls by Day its Ball of Light,  
There the Moon fills her Silver Horns by  
Night;

And round their Queen in silent Order move  
Unnumber'd Stars, and fire the Vault above.

## MYRTILLO.

*Renew my Pipe, renew the lofty Verse,*  
*And the Almighty's wond'rous Works rehearse.*  
What Wonders in the Air may we survey?  
There Thunders roll, and rapid Light'nings  
play;  
There Whirlwinds roar, and with resistless  
Force,  
Tear down the Harvests in their furious Course:  
Hence Rain in over-whelming Torrents pours,  
And hence the Hail descends in stony Show'rs;

And



SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 183

And hence the Snow that, in bleak WINTER'S  
reign,  
With hoary Spangles cloaths the Trees and  
Plain.

COLIN.

*Begin my Pipe, begin the lofty Verse,  
And the Almighty's wond'rous Works rehearse.*  
From Air the Dews in hazy Fogs distil,  
Which lightly touches on the thirsty Hill;  
And thence in dusky Eddies wheel'd around,  
Weeps o'er the Grove, and glides along the  
Ground.

Hence the Carnation takes its lovely Red;  
Hence the tall Lilly lifts its snowy Head;  
Hence Purple Bloom the Violets unfold;  
Hence Cowslips wash their op'ning Buds in  
Gold;

N 4

Hence

Hence glows the Beauty, hence the Odour  
flows,

Fresh from the Bosom of the Virgin Rose;  
And hence the precious Sweets the Bees derive,  
From springing Flow'rs, t'enrich their common  
Hive.

## MYRTILLO.

*Renew my Pipe, renew the lofty Verse,  
And the Almighty's wond'rous Works rehearse.*  
And as in Heav'n, so through the Earth below,  
The narrow Scenes their Maker's Glories  
show;  
Here the broad River rolls its founding Course,  
Its Depths how dang'rous, and how wild its  
Force!

And here the Fountain's scanty Waters glide,  
And as they run the jarring Pebbles chide;

Now

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 185

Now hung with Shades steal unperceiv'd away;  
Now shine and quiver in the Blaze of Day.

COLIN.

*Begin my Pipe, begin the lofty Verse,  
And the Almighty's wond'rous Works rehearse.*  
There Mountains of un-measur'd Bulk arise,  
And with their awful Tops support the Skies;  
Humbly behind their wide-extended Gloom,  
The Hills appear content with narrow Room;  
The Hills that Crops of various Plenty bear,  
And here with Grass, and here with Corn appear;  
pear;

And from whose sloping Side I oft have seen,  
My Sheep depending, crop the living Green.

MYR-

## MYRTILLO.

*Renew my Pipe, renew the lofty Verse,  
And the Almighty's wond'rous Works rehearse.*  
Nor less along the Level of the Plains,  
And wat'ry Vales the kind Creator reigns;  
Here from her Lap the Earth abundant pours,  
Herbage and Fruits, and all the Tribes of  
Flow'rs.

Hence at the dropping Udders thrive my  
Lambs,

And hence with woolly Burdens sweat my  
Dams;

Hence I each Year a drugget Coat obtain,  
To screen from piercing Cold and drenching  
Rain.

And hence the fattest Firstlings of my Fold,  
At yon great Market Town I oft have sold;  
And



SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 187

And rich sometimes with Gold from thence  
have come,

And part is spent, and part reserv'd at Home.

Thus the good Swains their leisure Hours  
employ'd,

And Silvan Mirth and Innocence enjoy'd:

The Larks a while forgot to tune their Throats,

Hush'd were the Finches and the Linnets

Notes;

The Herds and Flocks to hear their tuneful

Lays,

Stood round with Ears erect, and ceas'd to

graze;

Echo alone within her rocky Cave,

Was known to speak, and Sound for Sound

she gave:

More

More had they sung, but PHÆBE's nimble  
Heel,

Had nigh approach'd, and with her brought  
their Meal.

Young Lettices with clust'ring Foliage crown'd,  
Cresses that in the Silver Brooks abound;  
With Leeks, in Pride by antient *Britons* worn,  
And Butter recent from the foaming Churn;  
Thankful they eat, and scoop'd the brimming  
Spring,  
And each smil'd happier than the happiest  
King.

G



CATULLUS *to* LESBIA.*From DRYDEN'S Miscellanies.*

**M**Y LESBIA swears she would CATULLUS wed,

Tho' Jove himself should come and ask her  
Bed:

True, this she swears by all the Pow'rs above,  
But she's a Woman talking to her Love;  
That single Thought my growing Faith de-  
feats,

'Tis necessary for them to be Cheats:

They must be false, they must their Oaths  
forget,

So pleasing is the Lechery of Deceit:

What Women tell their Servants fade like  
Dreams,

And should be Wrote in Air, or running  
Streams.

*An*

*An Imitation of the foregoing Verses, by way  
of Reply.*

**M**Y *Strephon* swears to me eternal Truth,  
Though Beauty's tempting Queen  
should court the Youth;

By ev'ry Pow'r he swears to be my Spouse,  
But he's a *Man*, and these are am'rous Vows;  
That one Reflection must my Hopes deface,  
'Tis dear Variety that charms the Race.

They will be false, alas they love to range,  
So great's the Joy, so sweet it is to change;  
What Men protest in heat of Love we find,  
Like fleeting Tides, or like the veering Wind.



*Wrote*



*Wrote immediately upon seeing the Behaviour of  
a Jealous Husband.*

**O**F all the Plagues with which poor  
Wives are curst,

The Dæmon Jealousy is far the worst;  
When once this Fury haunts a Husband's Brain,  
He grows enrag'd, and Virtue pleads in vain,  
Although by Nature gentle, kind, and good,  
He strait turns Savage, insolent and rude;  
Not all the Charms of Innocence and Truth,  
Not Beauty blooming in the Pride of Youth;  
Combin'd with Affluence and sincerest Love,  
His stubborn Heart to due Returns can move:  
Of these enchanting Treasures full possesst,  
The thankless Owner yet remains unblest;  
For self-deceiv'd he thinks he meets Deceit,  
Ev'n *Demonstration* seems to him a Cheat.

*An*

*An EPIGRAM on a Person who constantly  
drinks a Dram when he goes to Prayers.*

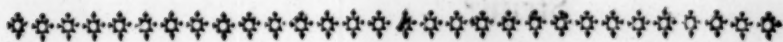
**I**N all religious Duties we want Aid,  
And for our help religious Books were  
made;  
Whose sacred Leaves with useful Precepts  
fraught,  
Were once, by all, the best Assistants thought:  
But be it spoke to *Tom's* immortal Praise,  
*Tom* without Books his Piety can raise;  
He gravely thinks 'tis much a better Way,  
To take a hearty Dram before we pray.  
If his Addresses he in Public makes,  
A glowing Dose he, never-failing takes;  
If to his private Closet he retires,  
The friendly Juice his fervent Zeal inspires;  
'Tis wisely done, for who dare be so bold,  
To say that *Tom* is in Devotion cold.

VERSES

VERSES *sent by a GENTLEMAN to the Author,*  
*desiring an Answer.*

WISE Heav'n, in Pity to the Sex, de-  
 sign'd

Fools, for the last Relief of Womankind;  
 Two marry'd Wits no quiet can enjoy,  
 Two Fools together would the House destroy:  
 But Providence, to level Human Life,  
 Made the fool Husband for the witty Wife.



*To the GENTLEMAN who sent the above Verses.*

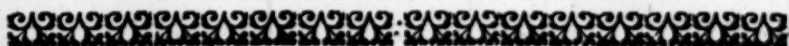
FOOLS are so plenty in your Sex we  
 find,

They often prove the Lot of Womankind;  
 Too often plague the *Witty* and the *Wise*,  
 For those who are not Fools, will Fools despise:

O

But

But when two kindred Souls together meet,  
The Yoke is easy, and the Bondage sweet ;  
Each has a Charm which shines to either  
                  bright,  
And Wit to Wit gives, mutually, Delight.



*An. EXTEMPORE THOUGHT.*

**W**Hat's a dull insipid Life,  
Or one perplex'd with Care and  
                  Strife?

Always blithe, serene and gay,  
Wou'd I wear my Hours away:  
Never stormy, never sad,  
Easy, innocent and glad ;  
Pleas'd with what the Heav'ns ordain,  
Free from Sickness, Care, and Pain:

Friend



Friend to Joy, and Foe to Sorrow,  
 Careless to Day what haps To-morrow.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Return'd in Answer to a poetical Compliment  
 from Miss ———*

FROM the poetic Hill or Shade,  
 Or where you please, dear tuneful Maid;  
 These Lines to thee *Maria* sends,  
 To thee, her best of earthly Friends:  
 Pleas'd with your Love, proud of your Praise,  
 And grac'd by your harmonious Lays;  
 She wears upon her honour'd Brow,  
 The darling Glories you bestow:  
 And since you've made her so divine,  
 An early Visit shall be thine;  
 She'll come in all her Radiance dress'd;  
 Prepare for your celestial Guest,

Ambrosial Cakes and nectar Tea,  
Fit for the Muses, or for Me:  
This Day, the same that gave her Birth,  
She means to pass with thee in Mirth:  
To Chat and Laugh, and be as free,  
As any mortal Maid can be.



*Wrote some Months after the Prince of  
WALES'S Death.*

**F**OR FREDERICK'S Loss we will no  
longer mourn,  
The dear departed Prince can ne'er return;  
His single form the silent Grave receives,  
But in his lovely Offspring yet he lives:  
Of these the loyal Muse transported Sings,  
And sees, in Thought, a future Race of Kings;  
From

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 197

From FREDERICK and AUGUSTA they descend,

And fill the *British* Throne till Time shall end:

Oh! may this Thought prophetic Truth contain,

And *Brunswick's* Race to endless Ages reign.

\*\*\*\*\*

*The Four following Pieces were written for Four Boys of the Free Grammar School at Norwich, to be spoken before the Mayor in Public, as is usual on the Day of his being sworn into his Office, the Mayor and Aldermen being Trustees for the School; the Boys richly dress'd, attend the Mayor in his grand Procession, and two or three Days after repeat their Speeches in the Guildhall before the Ladies.*

H O P E. *The first Speech.*

**A** Midst the various Scenes of anxious Life,  
Of Sickness, Sorrow, Poverty and  
Strife:

One sweet Companion still attends the Mind,  
From whose kind Hints we secret Comfort find:  
Fair-speaking HOPE, that ever-welcome Guest,  
The gentlest Inmate of the human Breast;  
With future Bliss our present Care beguiles,  
And cheats and cheers us with her pleasing  
Smiles:

Nor transient are her Smiles, for to her Praise,  
While Life remains the dear Deluder stays;  
When most we languish, sunk in deep Distress,  
When sharp Afflictions most the Soul depress;  
Depriv'd of all, of ev'ry Good bereft,  
When not one Pleasure nor one Friend is left;  
The kind Indulger HOPE alone remains,  
Hushes our Grievs and moderates our Pains;  
Bids us prepare a milder Fate to meet,  
Smooths the rough Paths, and makes our Bit-  
ters sweet;

In



In smiling Fortune, or in Adverse ill,  
This subtil Flatterer is ready still:  
As Rich and Poor are equally her Friends,  
Her Favors she impartially extends;  
Confirms the Happy in their happy State,  
And adds new Honours to th' ambitious Great;  
Raifes the Humble from their low Degree,  
Combats Despair, and sets the Captive free;  
Stands by the Miser while he counts his Store,  
Laughs o'er the glitt'ring Heaps, and gives  
him more.

By her assisted, nothing seems too hard,  
Go on she cries, and take a full Reward;  
Prompted by *Her*, ev'n *I* can banish Fear,  
And boldly *hope* to meet with Favor here.\*

\* Bowing to the Court.

*DESPAIR. The second Speech.*

*At the Beginning of this Speech the Boy who speaks it turns, and looks at him that spoke last.*

**I**N vain you talk of HOPE's endearing Wiles,  
Her ample Blessings, and her lasting  
Smiles ;

That she to ev'ry Breast can Joy impart,

And sweetly solace the afflicted Heart :

All this I know th' Enchantress will pretend,

And flatters high and imitates the Friend ;

But few that trust her find the Dame sincere,

Her Gifts are Shadows, and her promise Air ;

That her Dominion's large must be confest,

Yet let her not lay Claim to ev'ry Breast ;

For some there are who scorn her gentle Sway,

Court black DESPAIR, and his stern Laws o-

bey.

De-

Despair that keeps with Hope eternal War,  
A Tyrant he, but more rever'd by far;  
Such true Obedience do his Slaves afford,  
They'll pour their Blood to please their cruel  
Lord.

Reverse of HOPE that softly-soothing Dame,  
By diff'rent Methods he aspires to Fame;  
He robs the Rich, and does the Poor oppress,  
Shows Discontent, adds Terror to Distress;  
Confirms the Wretched, makes all Comfort fade,  
And throws Dishonour on th' ambitious Head:  
Plunders the Miser of his ill-got Pelf,  
Who oft, to save his Money, starves himself;  
His gloomy Subjects no soft Pleasures know,  
Strangers to Ease, and Devotees to Woe:  
In painful Anguish tedious Days are past,  
And Sighs and Tears, Night's ling'ring Moments waste.

This

This fullen Pow'r averſe to ev'ry Joy,  
 Does all the bliſſful Hours of Life deſtroy;  
 Blaſts our beſt Wiſhes in their riſing Bloom,  
 And ſhocksthe tim'rous Mind with Ills to come.  
 To you, great Sirs, with low Reſpect I bend,  
 And ardent wiſh in each to find a Friend;  
 Long have I ſigh'd your Favour to obtain,  
 But cold DEſPAIR affures me 'tis in vain.

\*\*\*\*\*

*LOVE. The third Speech, by a little Boy,  
 addreſs'd to the Ladies.*

**A**ttend ye Fair, while I attempt to  
 prove,  
 The Pains, the Pleaſures, and the Pow'r of  
 Love:

Love the great King whom other Kings obey,  
 Imperious rules with univerſal Sway;  
 The



The Proud, the Vain, the Humble and the  
Good,

His Vassals are in equal Servitude.

The Great, the Wise, the Coward and the  
Brave,

All sink alike in Love, and in the Grave:

Nor think ye fair ones in the peaceful Hour,

To live exempt from his all-ruling Pow'r;

In vain with Frowns you Arm the beauteous  
Brow,

Sooner or later, you, yourselves, must bow:

Like Death impartial, he presents his Dart,

And sure to conquer, aims at ev'ry Heart:

The Heart once touch'd by Love no longer  
knows,

An ever Tenor and a calm Repose;

But ever in extremes, freezes or burns,

And Joy, and Grief, and Rage succeed by turns.

Oh!

Oh! who can dictate, or what Tongue reveal,  
The strong Delight which favour'd Lovers feel;  
When fancy'd Joys their ravish'd Thoughts  
inspire,

Elate with Hope, and fed with fond Desire!  
Now pleasing Transports fill the youthful  
Breast,

The Charmer smiles, and we are more than  
blest!

But should she frown, that Frown our Bliss  
destroys,

Dashes our Hopes and dissipates our Joys:  
Or to another should the heedless Dame,  
Give one kind Glance,—our Souls are all in  
Flame;

Then Doubts and Fears the tortur'd Bosom  
move,

With *Jealousy*! the stretching Rack of Love.

'Twere

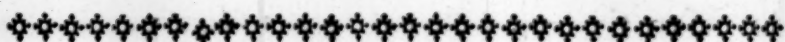
'Twere endless to recount the various Woe,  
 Which sad despairing Lovers undergo;  
 What vast Distress, what strange distracting  
     Pains,  
 Are caus'd by faithless Nymphs and perjur'd  
     Swains!

But Man the cruel Shock can better bear,  
 Bus'ness, or Wine, or Sports, divert his Care;  
 Whilst the forsaken melancholy Maid,  
 Seeks out the Covert of a secret Shade;  
 And in the close Recesses of the Grove,  
 With Sighs and Tears, bewails her injur'd  
     Love.

My little Heart melts at the sad Review,  
 And can no more the piteous Tale pursue;  
 Hard-hearted Men!—too much to change in-  
     clin'd,  
 That can to faithful Beauty prove unkind!

Ladies,

Ladies, for once believe me whilst I swear,  
 When I'm a Man, I vow I'll be sincere.  
 'Till then let your sweet Smiles reward my  
     Song,  
 For you may safely smile on one so young.



*CONTENT. The fourth Speech.*

**S**ince Love's short Joys soon yield to last-  
     ing Woe,  
 Since more of Pain than Pleasure Lovers know;  
 Since forward HOPE deludes us to believe,  
 And then, like other Beauties, will deceive;  
 Since dark Despair rules yet with sterner Sway,  
 And leaves us not one comfortable Ray:  
 Grant me some better Aid, immortal Pow'rs,  
 To regulate my Life and cheer my Hours:

To



To charm all Cares, all anxious Thoughts  
prevent;

And what can do it like divine CONTENT;  
Content alone can harmonize the Soul,  
Can rash Attempts and vain Desires controul;  
Curb the loose Sallies of unbounded Will,  
And keep the wild impetuous Passions still.  
She checks our eager *Hopes*, dispels our Fears,  
And gives a Truce to *Love's* perplexing Cares;  
Brightens the Mind and beautifies the Mien,  
While all is easy, placid and serene;  
CONTENT can solid Happiness impart,  
And form a little Heav'n in ev'ry Heart;  
In ev'ry Heart that is so highly blest,  
To entertain the fair celestial Guest.  
Happy the Man that can this Treasure find,  
This calm Companion of the *bumble Mind*,

Un-chang'd he bears blind Fortune's wild

Excess,

Her Smiles transport not, or her Frowns de-  
press;

Blest with CONTENT, how smoothly runs his  
Glass,

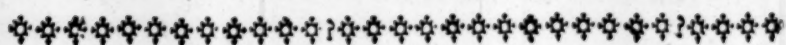
How soft and sweet the chearful Minutes pass!

Such be the Lives of all our Patrons here,

Those worthy Patrons we so much revere;

*Health, Wealth, and Honour*, may they all pos-  
sess,

And true CONTENT their ev'ry Moment bless.



*On the P E A C E.*

**S**TERN War is past, the Soldier now  
no more,

Dis-tains the Hostile Field with human Gore;  
Safe

Safe rests his Sword within its peaceful Sheath,  
And he no longer dreads the sudden Death:  
Loud Cannons now with harmless Thunder roar,  
And Peals of Joy salute the neighb'ring Shore;  
No murd'ring Foes molest the trading Main,  
But friendly are the Courts of *France* and *Spain*.  
Merchants, look round, the joyful Prospect see,  
Send out your Ships, for ev'ry Port is free;  
Peace comes with gracious look and bounteous  
Hand,  
That promise Blessings to a happy Land:  
May *Britain* long the promis'd Blessings share,  
Un-vex'd with foreign or domestic War.



*To the Ladies at —, having pass'd one Day  
with them. Inclos'd in a Letter of Invitation.*

**H**E who from Birth has liv'd in endless  
Night,

And never known the Blessings of the Light;

May, un-repining, pass his darksome Hours,

A Stranger to the Sun's refulgent Pow'rs:

But he who once has seen his golden Ray,

And known the gaudy Beams that make the Day;

Hath seen the lovely Prospect Nature yields,

The flow'ry Gardens, and the fertile Fields;

The Earth, the Sea, the wide expanded Skies,

In which ten Thousand shining Wonders rise;

And, after this, his precious *Sight* must lose,

Must be depriv'd of these enchanting Views!

In sad Reflection will his Thoughts employ,

And languish for the dear departed Joy.

So



So I that have beheld the Sister Train,  
 Whose Sense and Beauty so distinguish'd reign;  
 Whose well-bred Converse, easy, quick, refin'd,  
 Sweetly engages the fond hearer's Mind;  
 In fruitless Wishes tedious Moments waste,  
 And gladly would repeat the Pleasure past:  
 But had I never seen fair L——'s Shades,  
 Where I beheld the Joy-dispensing Maids;  
 Content, and undesiring I had been,  
 A Stranger to the much-delighting Scene.

\*\*\*\*\*

*To a Friend who tax'd me with too much Zeal in  
 blaming her Fondness to an unworthy Lover.*

**W**HAT tho' in Zeal I blame my Friend,  
 For her unbounded Love;  
 Oh! think to what that Zeal does tend,  
 And what that Zeal does move.

'Tis not your *Passion* that I blame,  
But *Passion's* fond excess;  
It is your *Wrongs* my *Zeal* inflame,  
Those *Wrongs* I would redress,

What tho' with *Zeal* I blame the Man,  
That first your *Heart* betray'd:  
I'm not displeas'd that *Love* began,  
But blame it ill repay'd.

With *Zeal* I blame the perjur'd Youth,  
Who cast on *Love* a Blot;  
But had he match'd thy spotless *Truth*,  
I then had blam'd him not.



*To Miss ———, on her Birth-Day, at a Time  
when she was much distress'd.*

**L**ET these soft Lines my ready Thoughts  
convey,

And hail the Daughter of this pleasing Day;

This Day revolving with the circling Year,

To Friendship sacred, to *Maria* dear;

Free from all Care, and dedicate to Mirth,

Shall be distinguish'd by one fav'rite Birth:

Look bright, ye Stars, shine each celestial Pow'r,

That first presid'd at her natal Hour.

Let this kind Year exclude each Scene of Woe,

May she, from hence, no adverse Fortune know;

But Happiness sincere, that long may last,

Compensate for her many Suff'rings past;

Be each propitious Influence display'd,

And cheer with endless Joy the mourning Maid.

*Sent to a young Lady in Town, who had vow'd to die a Maid, in Answer to a Letter, where, in a Copy of Verses, she signify'd her Resolution, and desired an Account of the House and its Situation, in which a new married Lady of her acquaintance was settled. Wrote suddenly at the Request of her Correspondent in a very sultry Day.*

**A** Handsome Mansion, new, and fair,  
 And situate in a healthful Air;  
 A rural Garden to it join'd,  
 With Flow'rs and Fruits of various kind;  
 Where gravell'd Walks and Beds of green,  
 Diversify the Sylvan Scene.  
 In silver Streams the finny Fry,  
 Here gaily sporting glad the Eye ;  
 At either End a grateful Shade,  
 By twisting Greens, embow'ring, made:  
 Where guarded from the hot Extremes  
 Of Sol's insufferable Beams;

We



We mark the feather'd People's play,  
Or listen to their warbling Lay;  
Bright Prospects glitter all around,  
On rising, or on sinking Ground.  
While the fair Meads in fertile Pride,  
Embroider'd smile on either Side.  
Come then and see this lovely Seat,  
So healthful, happy, and compleat:  
Or tell me, from Description now,  
Would you not break an idle Vow,  
For such a Seat, in such a Shade,  
And own the Vow was rashly made?



*An Answer to a poetical Letter from Miss —, in which she informs me of a warm Debate, in a Senate of Ladies, upon the Question, Whether I had ever been in Love? And not being able to decide it by a Volume of P O E M S I formerly publish'd, she appeals to me for a Determination.*

**M**Y dear doubting Beauty,  
I think it my Duty  
To answer with Speed your last Letter;  
Tho' if longer delay'd,  
And for Study I'd stay'd,  
Perhaps I had wrote something better.

But when Nymphs full of fire,  
Are kindled with Ire,  
And their lovely bright Eyes are in Danger;  
Perhaps you'll excuse,  
My not waiting for Muse,  
And they'll wink at the Faults of a Stranger.

I've

I've oft heard that the dull  
And thick muddy Skull,  
May puzzle a much wiser Head;  
By Experience you,  
Found it certainly true,  
When my blund'ring Verses you read.

By what you have writ,  
I find it is fit,  
I shou'd my own meaning explain;  
And tell you in Truth,  
If e'er in my Youth,  
I felt a fond Lover's mix'd Pain.

And really, my Dear,  
I'll be very sincere,  
And make you an honest Reply;

For

For since Life began,  
I ne'er knew the Man,  
For whom I cou'd languish and die.

No fav'rite Swain,  
Gave me Pleasure or Pain,  
By Love I was never distrest;  
No am'rous Cares,  
Warm Hopes, or cold Fears,  
E'er robb'd me of one Moment's Rest.

Yet I was not so stupid,  
But I knew little *Cupid*  
Was an Archer of wonderful Might;  
Tho' stone-blind he be,  
I could very well see,  
His Arrows were all levell'd right.

Some



Some call him a God, but the blackest of Fiends,  
 Ne'er did so much Mischief among my good  
 Friends,

As he with his Bow and his Darts;  
 Alas! what Distress, what Rage have I seen!  
 What Sighs, and what Tears! what Fits of the  
 Spleen!

What Anguish and Torture of Hearts!

Thought I, you young Elf,  
 I'll take Care of myself,  
 (If these be your Pranks) I declare,  
 I'll guard my fond Heart,  
 So I play'd a safe Part,  
 And kept myself out of the Snare.



*The GENTLEMAN's Answer to a Song call'd the  
LADY's REPLY.*

A S O N G.

**T**HAT you're handsome, my fair one, is  
certainly true,

Your Form all enchanting, most lovely to view;  
Each Feature is charming, your Voice is most sweet,  
All the Graces combining to make you compleat;  
This may have been told you by Thousands before,  
But none of the Number like me can adore.

Your Beauty, my Dearest, attracts my fond Eye,  
Your Wit, and good Humour, fresh Transports  
supply;

Bright Wit, solid Sense, and a Judgment most rare,  
Together uniting, have finish'd my Fair;  
The *last* is the Charm that *first* made me adore,  
And fixt me for Life, nay I'll love you for more.

Was *Chloe* as bright as an Angel to shine,  
Tho' her Voice was Seraphic, her Face all divine;

Yet I in the Wanton no Beauty could see,  
'Tis Virtue alone that has Beauty for me;  
Then kindly encourage a Passion so true,  
And learn to love him who will always love you.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Sent to Mrs ———, upon the Epiphany.*

**W**HEN the MESSIAH first appear'd on  
Earth,

A glorious Star remark'd the wond'rous Birth;  
With tenfold Light, the splendid Herald shone,  
To shew the *Star of Judah* was come down:  
Its Radiance so superior to the rest,  
Struck with Amaze, the Learned of the East;  
Three sapient Kings their ancient Homes forsake,  
And to a Land unknown their Journey take;  
Gold, Myrrh, and Frankincense, they then provide,  
Their Faith, their Science, and the *Star* their guide.

At

At length they come, directed by its Ray,  
To that blest Spot where the Great Infant lay;  
The Heav'n-born Child in *simplest* guise was  
dress'd,  
And in a lowly Cottage took his Rest;  
Yet all his Looks the Deity confess'd;  
A God-like Beauty over-spread his Face,  
And more than Angel-brightness fill'd the Place!  
Low on their Knees the wond'ring Sages fell,  
Offer'd their Gold and Gifts of fragrant Smell.  
We Christians still commemorate the Day,  
And oft to those we love a Gift convey;  
The customary Rite my Heart approves,  
And thus applies to thee, whom much it loves.  
To Day this Paper present comes to shew,  
The just Distinction to your Merit due;  
A well-meant Verse with honest Zeal I give,  
May you my Off'ring candidly receive.

Upon



*Upon the first DAY of the YEAR.*

**R** Evolving Years their steady Course pursue,  
The old ones still submitting to the New;  
For Days to Days, and Months to Months suc-  
ceed,

And Time rolls on with never-ceasing Speed.  
Sun, Moon, and Stars, perform their destin'd  
Round,

Nature in all Things is obedient found;  
Let us, admiring, mark the wond'rous Cause,  
And learn from hence to keep our maker's Laws;  
Frail Mortals only thwart the Will of Heav'n,  
And deviate from the Rules their God has giv'n.

Life wears away amidst a thousand Cares,  
And Man grows old in numb'ring up the Years:  
Just Emblems of himself, he sees them pass,  
Beginning *Spring* shews what the Infant was;

And



Soon the frail Mortal yields his fleeting Breath,  
And all his vast Designs are sunk in Death.  
The fav'rite Scheme his lab'ring Brain had wrought,  
And, in his Thoughts, to near Perfection brought;  
Is now dissolv'd—with him it disappears,  
One fatal Moment blasts the Plan of Years:  
Senseless he lies, careless of ev'ry Trust,  
A Prey to Worms, Inheritor of Dust.  
He cannot help—then let thy searching Mind,  
A surer Hope, and safer Refuge find:  
Blest is the Man who on the Lord depends,  
O greatly blest! whom *Jacob's* God defends;  
Un-chang'd for ever, God's all-hallowed Name,  
His WISDOM, POWER, and ESSENCE still the  
same.

The wide-stretch'd Heav'ns were made at his  
command,

He laid the firm Foundations of the Land;

Q

The

The Seas un-number'd, rolling Waves record,  
 In lasting Monuments, his potent Word;  
 Th' angelic Choirs that his bright Throne sur-  
                     round,

With never-fading Youth and Beauty crown'd;  
 The tuneful Birds that melodize the Grove,  
 The noblest Beasts that in the Forest move;  
 The smallest Reptiles which un-notic'd creep,  
 The pond'rous Whales that play within the Deep:  
 Whate'er in Heav'n or Earth, or Seas appear,  
 By his almighty Pow'r created were,  
 And still preserv'd by his paternal Care;  
 His Judgment's right, his promises are sure,  
 And shall through all Eternity endure.

Be not dismay'd, ye that are sore oppress'd,  
 For God will surely visit the Distress'd;  
 The *treach'rous Heart*, and the *defaming Tongue*,  
 He sees, and hears, and will revenge the Wrong.

Man's



Man's needy Race he views, with gracious Eyes,  
And all their Wants indulgently supplies;  
For Bread, he richly stores the Field with Grain,  
And for their Vesture sends a fleecy Train.  
O praise the Lord, his awful Name adore,  
Who has done all Things by his boundless Pow'r  
'Tis he that breaks the Captive's galling Chain,  
And brings him back to Liberty again,  
Dispenses to the Blind revealing Sight,  
Who, raptur'd, see the new amazing Light!  
Those who are most depress'd with Pain and Grief,  
May call on him, and meet a kind Relief,  
Tho' prone on Earth, the abject Mourner lies,  
Aided by him he soon shall joyful rise.  
He loves the Good, the Pious, and the Just,  
Who fear his Pow'r, and in his Mercy trust;  
Respect of Persons is to him unknown,  
His Bounty is to ev'ry Nation shown.

Let not the lonely Widow's Heart despair,  
She shall be safe beneath his Guardian Care;  
Her helpless Babes in him a Father find,  
The tender Parent of all Human-kind.

In God's high Praise, ye Sons of Men unite,  
Be this my Soul, thy dearest best Delight;  
While Life remains the grateful Song I'll raise,  
And my last Breath shall be *Jehovah's* Praise.



## SHORT EJACULATIONS.

**T**IS Religion that can give,  
Sweetest Pleasures while we live;  
'Tis Religion must supply,  
Solid Comforts when we die,  
After Death its Joys will be,  
Lasting as Eternity.

By

By Meditation, and by Pray'r,  
 Let me to Heav'n ascend;  
 Secure a future Mansion there,  
 And make my God my Friend.

\*\*\*\*\*

Whene'er I touch the sounding Lyre,  
 Oh let thy Praise my Soul inspire;  
 My Saviour, King, and God!  
 Oh let me keep thee full in View,  
 And still with eager Steps pursue  
 That Path thy Saints have trod.

\*\*\*\*\*

*At the A L T A R.*

O my ador'd Redeemer! deign to be,  
 Now, present with the mystic Bread to me;  
 May I the Blessings of thy Blood partake,  
 Who drink the sacred Wine for thy dear sake.

*A THOUGHT at first waking,*

**T**O God that guards me all the Night,  
Be Honour, Love and Praise;  
To God that sheds the Morning Light,  
And gives me length of Days!

His Pow'r first call'd us forth from Nought,  
Inspir'd the vital Flame;  
And with amazing Wisdom wrought,  
The whole material Frame.

He gave the Soul its heav'nly Birth,  
He by his Word divine;  
Prepar'd the fit-enclosing Earth,  
And bade them both combine.

Strange



Strange, that a pure immortal Mind,  
A bright celestial Ray;  
Should be with frailest Nature join'd,  
And mix'd with common Clay!

O wond'rous Union! so compos'd,  
That none can understand;  
'Tis such as evidently shews,  
Th' Almighty Maker's Hand.

---

*To a Lady on the New Year; by a Gentleman.*

**T**O you, the Mistress of my Heart,  
My Muse her annual Tribute brings;  
An homely Verse devoid of Art,  
Not courtly, but sincere she Sings,

The Sun renews th' Ecliptic Way,  
Slow turning from his southern Bound;  
With more direct and copious Ray,  
To scatter lengthen'd Day around.

Hail, fairest, with the rising Year,  
As the advancing Hours improve;  
May each to you luxuriant bear,  
Increase of Health, and Joy, and Love;

Be banish'd far all faithless Fear,  
With canker'd Jealousy's annoy;  
Let no presumptuous Care come near,  
That Breast, the Treasury of Joy.

Yet

Yet as the vary'd Seasons pass,

Might they this useful Truth display,

Time will the brightest Form deface,

And Youth and Beauty meet Decay.

Foremost the jolly Spring appears,

Then lusty Summer cloath'd in Green;

Next Autumn with his ripen'd Ears,

Last hoary Winter shuts the Scene.

Then O remember, charming Maid,

The faithful Muse records it true;

The Lillies on those Cheeks must fade,

The Roses there must change their Hue.

Those

Those Eyes of all their fatal Store,  
Will the Usurper Time disarm;  
By him subdu'd, that Form no more  
Will please, that Voice no more will charm.

Virtue, alone, not fears to die,  
Superior to the Tyrant's Sway;  
Confest in native Majesty,  
And Charms un-knowing to decay.

High on a Rock supremely great,  
Amidst the Flux of rolling Years,  
The Goddess firms her stedfast Seat,  
Remov'd from Dangers as from Fears.

Thence



Thence, smiling on her votive Throng,

Shines to dispel the Loyer's Care;

Sheds purer Graces on the Young,

And brighter Radiance on the Fair.

W

\*\*\*\*\*

*To the Rt Hon. Lady Viscountess IRWIN, on  
her Poem call'd CASTLE HOWARD.*

**H**AD *Homer* liv'd in these our Times,

The Bard his Lyre had strung,

And giv'n great *CARLISLE*'s Seat in Rhymes,

And *Troy* had left un-sung.

The Mantuan \* Poet too had chose,

To Sing in mighty Strains,

Of *Castle Howard*, for his Muse,

Had scorn'd the *Elysian* Plains.

\* *Virgil.*

Or

Or now had *Ovid* liv'd again,  
(To see himself outdone ;)  
He had describ'd by *HOWARD*'s Plan,  
The Palace of the Sun.

But wisely *Phæbus* and the Nine,  
Preferr'd the softer Strain;  
The glorious Task great *IRWIN*'s thine,  
For they had wrote in vain.

Thee *Ovid*'s softer Notes inspire,  
(Soft Notes to him belong)  
While *Virgil*'s Fancy, *Homer*'s Fire,  
Illustrate *HOWARD*'s Song.

Thy

Thy lively Genius, IRWIN, shows,

How Verse may yet improve;

Thy ev'ry Line harmonious flows,

And those who read must love.

\*\*\*\*\*

### CYDIPPE to LEONZO.

LEONZO *by strong Pretensions of Love, but full of Deceit, robb'd the chaste CYDIPPE of her Honour; this Misfortune hung so heavy upon her, that it brought on her Death; while in her Sickness, to reform LEONZO, and set his Crime before his View, she wrote the following Epistle.*

**T**Hink not I write thy Pity to implore,  
 Er'e this thou read'st Cydippe is no more;  
 For thee alone, ungrateful as thou art,  
 To purge thy Passions, and amend thy Heart.  
 For thee alone, the trembling Pen I take,  
 Willing my Woe, thy Happiness to make.

Too

Too well, *Leonzo*, all my Heart you knew,  
How warm my Love, how virtuous, and how  
true;

Thy tender Sighs my Heart's fond Pity mov'd,  
And I at first through mere Compassion lov'd;  
But as I found thy Fondness still the same,  
Still kind thy Treatment, and still pure thy Flame;  
No more I wish'd, or study'd to be free,  
But frankly all my Heart resign'd to thee:  
So true my Love, of change I nothing grieve,  
Nor dreaded ought, with thy Protection blest;  
Shield me just Heav'n, *Leonzo's* self betrays,  
And my bright Flame with Perfidy repays!  
Ev'n he, my Guide, my Guardian and my Friend,  
Lov'd to assist, and chosen to defend:  
Ev'n he becomes the Viper in my Breast,  
Despoils my Love, and lays my Comfort waste!

Think



Think what a Deed, *Leonzo*, thou hast done,  
And well, well, weigh the Triumph thou hast  
won.

Lo, 'tis o'er me whose Heart was all thy own,  
Who lov'd thee well, and lov'd but thee alone;  
Who for thy sake each Hardship would have  
try'd,

Who glad to make thee happy would have dy'd.  
And her, for one short Interval of Blame,  
A transient Joy that thou shouldst blush to name,  
Her hast thou robb'd of ev'ry Human Bliss,  
Fair Virtue, soft Content, and smiling Peace;  
And no return; condemn'd to drag the Chain  
Of Shame, Remorse, and self-consuming Pain.  
Hadst thou some Mean, some unknown Maid  
abus'd,

Nought could a Deed so black have e'er excus'd:

Oh!

Oh! think then how immense the Fault must  
prove,

When such the base return of virtuous Love;  
When unsuspected on th' unguarded Maid,  
Her own *Protector* steals, and all her Soul's be-  
tray'd.

Beware ye Virgins of the Lover's Lure,  
Ye cannot be too wary, too secure;  
The faithless Wantons Triumph to deceive,  
Laugh at our Tears, and Joy to see us Grieve.  
Yet sure *Leonzo*, sure it cannot be,  
That all are cruel, all unjust as thee!  
There are, kind Heav'n augment the happy Few,  
Who scorn those Paths that Libertines pursue;  
In whose pure Love the Virgin may confide,  
But ah, how rare!-and what to chuse the Guide?  
By what strange Art shall we discern the True,  
From Lovers, oh *Leonzo*, false as you!

Oh

Oh how escape, when studious to betray,  
Wild roves the Rake thro' Pleasures flow'ry Way;  
The Virgin's Anguish, and the Parent's Tear,  
Mirth to his View, and Music to his Ear!

Ah me, 'tis vain, still many a hapless Fair,  
Henceforth, like poor *Cydippe*, must despair;  
More false *Leonzo*'s to their Ruin haste,  
And fly to lay each little Eden waste.

Think of the Crime, and View with conscious  
Thought,

My sad Distress, by thy unkindness wrought;  
Reflect how much I lov'd, and to thy Eyes,  
Let the dread Guilt in all its Horrors rise,  
Let keen remorse afflict thy tortur'd Breast,  
And make thee wretched—long to make thee  
blest.

May'st thou at last the fatal Fault erase,  
Disarm Heav'n's Vengeance and resign in Peace.

R

Farewel

Farewel—yet think how much *Cydippe* lov'd,  
 How much for thee she suffer'd, and be mov'd;  
 Farewell—remember me, nor hope to find,  
 Repose from ought, but Virtue in thy Mind.

D

\*\*\*\*\*

P S A L M C I.

**O**F Mercy, and of Judgment, will I sing,  
 To thee, the High, the everlasting King!  
 Mercy thy darling Attribute is known,  
 And righteous Judgment issues from thy Throne.  
 To me, great God, thy sacred Truths impart,  
 And print thy Precepts deeply in my Heart.  
 When will thy Presence make thy Servant blest?  
 I grow impatient for the heav'nly Guest;  
 Where'er I am, I will most careful be,  
 As far as Mortals can, to copy thee;

Clear



Clear from all Ill, my dwelling as my Mind,  
Where good Men only shall free Entrance find.

Whatever bears the livid Marks of Sin,  
My Soul abhors, I will not deal therein;  
Firm to the Truth, I ne'er will turn aside,  
For thy un-erring Rules shall be my Guide.

Who loves Contention must from me depart,  
The Man of bitter Words and froward Heart:  
Or who, malicious, takes a fatal Aim,  
Or with keen Slander wounds his neighbour's

Fame:

Whose whisper'd Tales like latent Poisons kill—  
Such I'll cut off from Pow'r of future Ill;  
For social Converse daily will I seek,  
The pure in Heart, the Humble and the Meek.  
They who in righteousness do most excel,  
Shall eat my Bread, and in my House shall  
dwell;

My Friends I'll chuse of such as love thy Word,  
And my Domesticks all shall serve the Lord.

The babling Fool I utterly despise,  
Whose Lips are stain'd with Vanity and Lyes:  
All that in bold Iniquity delight,  
I'll banish far from my offended Sight.  
Thus shall I soon destroy the wicked Race,  
Whose impious Deeds fair *Sion's* Walls disgrace;  
Thus, from Pollution once again set free,  
The City of the Lord shall hallow'd be.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Written in a blank Leaf of Mrs Row's Works.*

**R**aptur'd I read these soft inspiring Lines,  
Where *Rowe's* fair Mind in sacred Lustre  
shines;

*Love, Friendship, Virtue*, with full force appear,  
They're all display'd in living Colours here;

The

The Pow'rs of Nature, with the Charms of Art,  
 And Grace divine, breathe warm in ev'ry Part;  
 With her my yielding Heart consenting goes,  
 Feels the soft Flame, and sympathizing glows.

\*\*\*\*\*

*On a Lady who refused the Address of four Gentlemen eminent in their Profession, and died a Maid.*

**H**OW great must be young *Celia's* Pow'r,  
 Courted and lov'd at once by Four?  
 Distinguish'd each in his Profession,  
 Her Charms were sure beyond expression.

*Physic*, whose healing Drugs remove,  
 All Pangs but those of fever'd Love,  
 And knows to soften ev'ry Pain,  
 Sues *Celia* to comply in vain.

Severer *Law*, great *Albion's* Pride,  
Lays now his Gravity aside;  
Surpris'd by *Celia's* Wit and Air,  
Yet fruitless are his Vows and Pray'r.

Sacred *Divinity* aspires,  
And *Celia*, heav'nly fair, admires;  
He meets not with a kind Return,  
But must in secret Anguish burn.

Nor can *Apollo's* Son prevail,  
But sings in vain, his love-sick Tale;  
The Poet's Verse and Laurel dies,  
Touch'd by the Fire of *Celia's* Eyes.—

The beauteous Charmer knew her Birth,  
She sprung from Race divine,  
Nor would she deign to mix with Earth,  
And with a Mortal join,

But



But quick she took to Heav'n her Flight,  
 With heav'nly Forms to pair;  
 And roves through endless Scenes of Light,  
 Herself an Angel there.

## S

\*\*\*\*\*

*Presented to a Gentleman in danger of being in  
 Love with a Woman of bad Conduct. Given  
 him when he was earnestly looking at her.*

**B**eauty! thou bright Seducer of Mankind,  
 Who oft in thee their certain Ruin find;  
 Remove thy tempting Colours of Delight,  
 Those gaudy Shadows that delude our Sight:  
 Far from my Eyes thy killing Charms remove,  
 For who can see thee and forbear to love?  
 Yet turn again—I've found a Nostrum sure,  
 Thy Mind is tainted, and my Heart's secure;  
 The Night of Vice, thy dazling Day invades,  
 And more, and more the tarnish'd Lustre fades.

*On a female Cat; named SELIMA, who fell into  
a China Cistern with Gold Fishes in it, and was  
drown'd. By Mr D. GREY.*

'T WAS on a lofty Vase's side,  
Where China's gayest Art had dy'd  
The Azure Flowers that blow,  
Demurest of the Tabby Kind,  
The pensive *Selima* reclin'd,  
Gaz'd on the Lake below.

Her conscious Tail, her Joy declar'd,  
Her fair round Face, her snowy Beard,  
The Velvet of her Paws;  
Her Coat that with the Tortoise vies,  
Her Ears of Jet, her Em'rald Eyes,  
She saw, and purr'd Applause.

Still had she gaz'd, but midst the Tide,  
Two Angel Forms were seen to glide,

The

The Genii of the Stream ;  
Their scaly Armour's tyrian Hue,  
Thro' richest Purple, to the View,  
Betray'd a golden Gleam.

The hapless Maid with Wonder saw,  
A Whisker first, and then a Claw,  
With many an ardent Wish;  
She stretch'd in vain to reach the Prize,  
What female Heart can Gold despise?  
What Cat's averse to Fish?

Presumptuous Maid, with Eyes intent,  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
Nor saw the Gulph between;  
Malignant Fates fate by and smil'd,  
The slipp'ry Verge her feet beguil'd,  
She tumbled headlong in!

Eight Times emerging from the Flood,  
She call'd on ev'ry wat'ry God,  
Some speedy Aid to send;  
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,  
Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard:  
A Fav'rite has no Friend.

From hence ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,  
Know one false Step is ne'er retriev'd,  
And be with Caution bold;  
Not all that strike the wand'ring Eyes,  
And heedless Heart, is lawful Prize,  
Not all that glisters Gold.





*The following upon the same Occasion, was wrote  
by a Lady, probably to SELIMA's Mistress, to  
comfort her for the Loss of her Favourite.*

**W**EEP not, fair Nymph, the hapless Fate,  
Of *Selima* distressed;

Nor with unaiding Pity vex,

Thy tender Virgin Breast.

Tho' in th' enamell'd Vase she fell,

Where Death in Ambush lay,

And with rich golden Baits allur'd,

Th' unwary heedless Prey.

Tho' ev'ry wat'ry God was deaf,

To her each piteous Mew,

Yet *Phæbus* heard from *Parnass'* Top,

And to her Succour flew.

He

He snatch'd her sinking, from the Wave,  
Her tabby Coat he dry'd;  
The fading Lustre of her Eyes,  
His own bright Beams supply'd.

This done, he sought the tuneful Choir,  
Of *Pindus* sacred Shade;  
And to their Arms, with silent Steps,  
The beauteous Cat convey'd.

Th' immortal Maids with Pleasure took,  
And nurs'd with duteous Care;  
The only worthy of her Kind,  
To breathe poetic Air.

There

There hid from human Eyes the sports,  
 On *Clio's* Lap Divine;  
 And with her Purring swells the Notes,  
 Of *Phæbus* and the Nine.

F

\*\*\*\*\*

*A Gentleman having read the foregoing Verses,  
 ask'd what Reason could be given for Phœbus  
 interesting himself in the Affair? This Question  
 occasion'd the following Lines.*

O F all the Nymphs that e'er were seen,  
 With purring Note and pleasing Mien,  
 Fair *Selima*, alone,  
 Shall by the Bards recorded stand,  
 And roving o'er *Parnassian* Land;  
 To future Times be known.

Exalted

Exalted thus, how blest her Fate,  
On whom the Muses daily wait;  
    With kindest, tend'rest Care,  
Fond *Clio*, while with her she plays,  
Will wond'ring on her Beauty gaze,  
    A Beauty there most rare.

For since the modest Sisters chose  
To live retir'd, and there repose,  
    Of all the Tabby Race,  
No gentle Foot was ever seen,  
To press the sweet refreshing Green,  
    Of that delicious Place ;

But she more honour'd than the rest,  
Above her Kind supremely blest,

May



May freely wanton round;  
If *Phæbus* Beams too fierce are play'd,  
May bask within a Laurel Shade,  
And sleep on sacred Ground.

Or bounding from the bay-set Bow'rs,  
May sport amidst the fairest Flow'rs,  
And range their gaudy Ways,  
Or sink her soft reclining Head,  
Upon the bloomy, fragrant Bed,  
And purr her grateful Lays.

*Apollo's* self will glance a Smile,  
And kind *Thalia* stop a while;  
Her Beauties to admire,  
*Calliope*, with Pleasure too,  
Her curious painted Robe shall view,  
And thank th' indulgent Sire,

Who

Who sav'd her from the liquid Grave,  
And the half-dying Darling gave,  
    To faithful *Clio's* Care;  
Who with his Beams, her Eyes new set,  
And dry'd her Coat, all dropping wet,  
    Nor stopp'd his kindness there.

Two snow-white Cows, at his command,  
Press'd by a *Muse's* lilly Hand,  
    Pour forth a silver Stream;  
Nectareous Milk of Taste and Hue,  
The nicest Mortals never knew,  
    And she has all the Cream.

Favours so great you'll scarce believe,  
But I shall soon the Reason give,

For

For all this wond'rous Care ;  
And, plain beyond Objection, prove,  
'Twas gen'rous, undecaying Love,  
Made *Selima* so dear.

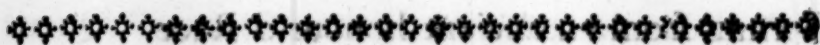
Though cruel *Tom*, and careless *Sue*,  
Ne'er heard her Pity-moving Mew,  
Nor Dolphins came at Need ;  
Yet she her Pedigree could trace,  
Sprung from an ancient honour'd Race  
Of *Daphne's* fav'rite Breed.

'Twas this alone could make the Don  
So readily forsake his Throne,  
To snatch her from Distress.  
Tell me ye mortal Lovers all,  
In such a Case, at such a Call,  
Could the bright Beau do less?

*Phæbus*, for Reasons unreveal'd,  
 From his own \* Son her Fate conceal'd,  
     But told a kindred † Dame.  
 Yet GRAY to gain his Father's Praise,  
 Sung all her Charms in pleasing Lays,  
     And won a Poet's Fame.

\* Mr Gray, or *De Grey*, (that being the original Name of the Family.)

† The Lady who wrote the Ode on her Translation.



*Wit rewarded, or the Double Triumph. A Tale  
 founded in Truth.*

**A**N honest Vicar, little known to Fame,  
 Whose Wealth was small, whose Life  
     was free from Blame,  
 It chanc'd, in riding thro' a Village-Road,  
 Calmly content, and ruminating Good,

Sober



Sober his Pace, and even as his Mind,  
 Fearing no Guile, for he no Guile design'd;  
 Was overtook by *Morio* brisk and gay,  
 Directed by some Scheme the self-same Way:  
*Morio*, a Youth, who two vain Years had spent  
 At *London*, and from thence to *Paris* went;  
 Proficient he, alike, at either School,  
 Here he commenc'd, and there completed Fool.  
 He learn'd to hammer *Monsieur, voulez-vous*,  
 And dangle at his Back the Monkey \* Queue.  
 He learn'd each Folly Men of Sense despise,  
 To triumph in himself, and scorn the Wife;  
 He knew the Priest, and form'd the deep Design,  
 To play a Prank, and † bite the grave Divine:

S 2

To

\* The Learned are much divided about the Orthography of this Word, some saying it takes its Original from the Letter Q, because the round, hollow Head of it well represents that of the People that wear it. Some would have it from the *French* Word *Quoi*, What, and trace its Original thus: A Countryman seeing a Gentleman with one of these, cried out, in a most surprising Astonishment to see a Man with a Tail, *Quoi, Quoi!* What can that be; and thence too, it is said, they had the Name of *Pig-tail*.

† A Biter is one who tells you a thing you have "no Reason to

To gain his Point, he, fighting, thus began,  
 Well, hard his Fate ! alas, poor honest Man;  
 Believe me, Sir, at length good *Pio's* dead,  
 The very best of *Levi's* Sons is fled.  
 Amaz'd the Vicar heard, and doubting stands,  
 Till *Morio's* Oath a full Belief commands;  
 No more he doubts, but thinks the Tale sincere,  
 Nor dream'd that *Moderns* would to Falsehood  
 swear.

His

“ disbelieve in itself, and perhaps has given you, before he bit you,  
 “ no Reason to disbelieve it for his saying it; and if you give  
 “ him Credit he laughs in your Face, and triumphs that he has  
 “ deceiv'd you : In a Word, a Biter is one who thinks you a Fool,  
 “ because you don't think him a Knave, &c.” Thus far the Spec-  
 tator, No. 504, where this kind of mungrel Wit is sufficiently ex-  
 ploded. But some there are of the Race of Biters (though I con-  
 fess they deserve a severer Name) who carry their Wit much far-  
 ther, and have no Regard what Consequences may ensue, admit-  
 ting that by a merry, ridiculous Lie they can please their own stu-  
 pid Inclinations. Honest, undesigning People most frequently are  
 their Prey ; and, in short, they little regard who, if a proper Op-  
 portunity presents itself. If, as the Spectator elsewhere observes,  
 this Disposition is accompanied with Vice, there is not so pernici-  
 ous a Pest to Society. The following Tale is founded upon Truth,  
 I was an Eye-witness to the Affliction of the Lady, and can assure  
 the Reader, very dreadful Consequences threaten'd her, she being  
 then big with Child.

What the Witlings term'd *Bite* in the Spectator's Time is now  
 call'd *Humbug* ; a Word which carries a more vulgar, shocking  
 Sound, and therefore more adequate to the Crime.

His Friend a while lamenting on the Road,  
Quoth *Morio*, "Doctor, his Preferment's good;  
" That Living well would suit—'Sdeath, haste,  
" begone,

" The Bishop can't deny you; 'tis your own."

Thoughtful the Vicar fate—at length reply'd,  
" Good is my Aim, and Charity my Guide;  
" With lib'ral Hand to ease the Widow's Toil,  
" Relieve the Poor, and bid the Wretched smile:  
" For these I'll ask, to these the Boon be giv'n,  
" This all my Wish, then grant it bounteous  
" Heav'n."

The Priest by mild Credulity betray'd,  
The common Failings of an honest Head,  
With Diligence, though not with Haste, proceeds,

Half loth to plead his Worth, or own his Needs:

Tim'rous, at length he beats the Bishop's Gate,  
The Bishop never made his Clergy wait;  
He enters, grave, and at the plenteous Board  
Sees the dead Rector dining with my Lord:  
Amaz'd, asham'd, tho' conscious of no Wrong,  
He blushes, bows, and dines and holds his  
Tongue;

Pours out a sober Cup to Church and King,  
Nor wastes one Thought upon the trifling  
Thing;

A chearful Hour he spends, serenely gay,  
Then pays his Compliments, and comes away.  
Big with Delight, exulting in the Deed,  
The *Beau* thank'd Nature for an able Head;  
The quaint Deceit with Transport fill'd his Soul;  
And pleas'd, he triumph'd o'er the musty Fool;  
O'er him and all, who sway'd by Truth and Sense,  
Scorn such low Arts, and hate to give Offence;

“ This



“ This Head,” he cry’d, then smil’d and cry’d  
again,

“ This Head was never known to think in vain;”  
He could no more, for Words are not design’d  
To paint the Raptures of th’ unthinking Mind.

But now he glow’d a second Prank to try,  
Heated with Wit’s warm Blood and Victory.  
So when a Fox, with too much Cunning wife,  
Scorns the foul Trap wherein his Ruin lies ;  
By one Attempt made bold, he quits his Fear,  
Nor dreads the Loss of Tail, or Foot, or Ear.  
Dangling his \* Cane he rode, then rais’d it high,  
Switch’d his gay Prancer, and prepar’d to fly :  
To fly, directed by his foolish Brain,  
Mad as his Horse, and spongy as his Cane ;  
Triumphant with his Embryo Scheme he glow’d,  
While Idiot Laughter eccho’d as he rode.

S 4

’Twas

\* A little Switch, the genteel Invention, and great Companion  
of our modern Beaux.

'Twas then sinister Omens damp'd his Soul,  
The Mock of Sense, but Terror of the Fool;  
His filken Stockings luckless Dirt besmear'd,  
And cross the Road the hated Hare appear'd;  
A boding Raven on his golden Hat  
Discharg'd his Load, and croak'd the Threats  
of Fate;

Yet not dismay'd, he keeps his Purpose still,  
For present Joys conceal a future Ill.  
Now to the Vicar's Villa was he come,  
A small, tho' neat, and well contented Home;  
Thither he flew, as one that flies for Life,  
And calls, with earnest Voice the Vicar's Wife.  
*Vicaria* soon appear'd; Haste, haste, he cries,  
In yonder Road your helpless Husband lies;  
His Leg, alas! thrown by the found'ring Jade;  
I saw him fall; oh! hasten to his Aid!—

I'll go myself he said ; then turn'd his Steed,  
 And urg'd the nimble Beast with utmost Speed.  
 She heard, astonish'd, the ambiguous Tale,  
 The Blood forsook her Cheeks, her Spirits fail;  
 Convulsive Conflicts tear her tender Breast,  
 She sinks, she swoons, with thousand Fears  
     opprest ;

Her Maid, her Neighbours fly to give her Ease,  
 Try ev'ry Art her Sorrows to appease.

When Men to serious Follies will descend,  
 We know not where the sad Effects will end;  
 A serious Liar is a dang'rous Thing,  
 Sharp is his Poison, tho' conceal'd his Sting.

At length, reviv'd, she thus disclos'd her Woe,  
 Ah fatal Tale, sad, unexpected Blow !  
 My Husband lies—Oh, agonizing Grief!—  
 In yonder Road—Haste, haste, to his Relief.—

— Through

Through all that heard, one common Sorrow  
                                           spread ;

All mourn the living Vicar as the dead :

In Crowds they run to give him instant Aid.

The Loss was common, for in ev'ry Plain,

A general Blessing is an honest Man.

Soft as the Breezes moving on the Sea,  
 When Waves on Waves in circling Eddies play;  
 Sweet as the Air, when *Flora* spreads around  
 Her balmy Odours on the painted Ground ;  
 When teeming Nature fires her genial Pow'r,  
 Smells in the Rose, or blossoms in the Flow'r ;  
 So, peaceful Life has ev'ry Charm to please,  
 Soft Hours of Bliss, and genuine Sweets of Ease ;  
 New Beauties blossom as the old decay,  
 No Pleasure's mis'd, altho' no Pleasures stay :  
 Can *Morio* smile to pain an honest Heart,  
 And cloud the Calms which Truth and Worth  
                                           impart !

But



But see, the Storm is o'er, the Priest appears,  
 And Shouts of Joy o'ercome their Floods of  
 Tears :

The happy Wife, with Pleasure-melted Eye,  
 Drew near, and kindly testify'd her Joy.

The Tale was told; well pleas'd, the Priest  
 reply'd,

“ I envy not the Victor's Scheme, or Pride;  
 “ In thy Concern a greater Bliss I know,  
 “ Than all his boasted Cunning can bestow.”

The good *Vicaria*, born of gentle Blood,  
 At *Morio's* bold Affront with Anger glow'd;  
 And with Revenge inspir'd the ardent Train,  
 But *Morio* gone, their Zeal was now in vain:  
 Yet still the Heroine kept the num'rous Band  
 With Instruments of Discipline in Hand:  
 So on the Seas, no *Gallic* Foe in view,  
 Rides BRITAIN'S Fleet; thus burns the *British*  
 Crew, For

For Combat warm, and with true Courage fir'd,  
Such as by *Anson*, *Warren*, *Hawke* inspir'd :

Seven Days were past, when rose the eighth  
great Light,

Big with the Fate of *Morio*, and of *Wit*.

*Vicaria* now the Morn with Pleasure view'd,  
Her Omens happy, and her Dreams were good :  
But now th' auspicious Day was almost spent,  
Ordain'd to perfect the renown'd Event,

When *Morio*, by his evil Genius led,

Genteely cant'ring towards the Village sped ;  
With Transport she beheld, and out she flies,  
While her shrill Voice re-echoes to the Skies ;  
Quick at her Call the Villagers appear,

*Morio* rode on, nor knew the Danger near ;

Amaz'd he saw unnumber'd Plowmen stand :

With long thong'd Whips accouter'd were the  
Band :

Amaz'd

Amaz'd he heard incessant Clamours Sound,  
 And Wit, Revenge, and *Morio* echo round:  
 But what are Sight of Whips, and Noise of  
     Tongues,

Much more amaz'd he felt the winding Thongs.  
 Flight was his only Hope, he spurr'd his Horse,  
 The Victors, thronging round, oppose his Course;  
 PASTORIO, give him to the Trump of Fame,  
 While stand the Village, live the Hero's Name;  
*Pastorio* first, disdaining distant War,  
 Rush'd to his Side, and with a manly Air,  
 Seiz'd his neat Leg, and dragg'd him to the  
     Ground,

Fix'd on Revenge the Women throng around;  
 What Tongue can e'er recount, what Numbers  
     tell,

The thousand Blows that on the Witling fell;

In vain he pray'd, in vain he begg'd Relief,  
 The laughing Clowns to all his Cries were deaf;  
 No Pity had for Coat all silver'd o'er,  
 Alas, what Muse th' Affliction can deplore !  
 Strange that for Lace no Pity they express,  
 No kind Regard for such a shining Dress!  
 Such was his Fate, when now Revenge's Fire  
 Began to languish, and their Rage to tire:  
 When thus *Vicaria*, with contented Look,  
 And Heart benevolent, the Crowd bespoke:  
 (The Crowd all listen'd, while two sturdy Swains  
 Held fast poor *Morio*, trembling with his Pains)  
 " Friends, Neighbours, all, with Pleasure I  
     survey  
 " The great Event of this auspicious Day;  
 " My Hopes are gain'd, and all my Wishes  
     " crown'd,  
 " Folly's vain Son a due Reward has found.

" Wits



“ Wits hence shall learn to dread their serious

“ Lies,

“ To cheat the Honest, and to *bite* the Wife;

“ Wit’s Reign shall cease, for all her Sons shall

“ know,

“ Sense, soon or late, retorts a vengeful Blow;

“ Sense, soon or late, shall o’er these Follies

“ soar,

“ And *Morio*’s Fate be sung till Wit shall be no

“ more.”

She ceas’d—A jolly Farmer’s Wife reply’d,

Laughing, her Hands held either shaking Side;

Attention listen’d to the merry Dame,

While thus, with rosy Looks, she spoke her

Scheme :

Poor Youth, I know not but this cruel Strife

May cost him dear, may rob him of his Life,

If

If thus, besmear'd with Dirt, from hence we  
send him,

Let us have Pity—to yon Well attend him ;  
There wash him clean—this Kindness will repay  
His former Ills, and wipe his Rage away:  
She laugh'd aloud ; they heard the Scheme well  
pleas'd,

And from his dirty Bed the Youth was rais'd :  
All pale he stood, (he knew not what they  
meant)

Vainly entreating, trembling for th' Event ;  
Sad Sight, behold the Queue behind undone,  
His Hair dishevell'd, and his Beaver gone:  
His Shirt all black, the Dirt conceal'd the  
Lace,

And help'd to shew the Whiteness of his  
Face ;

Thus

\* Thus in the Shades below, dread Realms of  
Night,

*Deiphobus* surpriz'd the *Trojan's* Sight;  
With Wounds all cover'd o'er the Hero stood,  
While pale *Æneas* trembled as he view'd.

But now, my Muse, contract thy tedious Song,  
Patience must tire whene'er a Tale's too long;  
Suffice it in the Bucket he was laid,  
Thrice duck'd, and thrice uprear'd his weeping  
Head.

The Vicar, with his Pipe stood looking on,  
And soberly advis'd them to have done;  
They all obey'd, the Witling was releas'd  
VICARIA now, and all the Village pleas'd.  
D. &c.

\* *Virg. Just. Atq. his Priamiden, &c.*

*Translated thus by Mr DRYDEN.*

Here *Priam's* Son *Deiphobus* he found,  
Whose Face and Limbs were one continu'd Wound:  
Dishonest, with lopp'd Arms, the Youth appears,  
Spoil'd of his Nose, and shorten'd of his Ears;  
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown,  
His blotted Form, and blushing to be known.

T

*An*

*An ODE on MUSICK.*

**F**ROM PINDUS Top, where rules the God  
of Day,

The Bard invokes the Lay;

*Aonian* Sisters join the Band,

With all your dulcet Songs attend.

And thou Soul-soothing MELODY inspire,

The martial Trumpet's hollow Throat;

The deep-mouth'd Organ's solemn Note;

The slow majestic Swell,

The Power of Harmony shall tell,

And the loud Chorus fill the sacred Choir.

## AIR.

*Musick charms the Lover's Breast;*

*Musick lulls our Cares to Rest;*

*Now she's sweetly gay and jolly;*

*Now she sinks in Melancholy.*



## RECITATIVE.

Harmonious *Orpheus* strikes his Shell,  
Oh ! listen to the trembling Note;  
See, see ! he moves the King of Hell,  
And hoary *Charon* quits his Boat.

## AIR.

*The naked Souls that hover round,  
In Pleasure lose their Pain ;  
Such is the mighty Power of Sound,  
Prometheus drops his Chain.*

## RECITATIVE.

The Lion's Fury now he tames,  
And now again his Rage inflames ;  
Huge Rocks, un-hing'd, around him stood,  
And Trees, un-rooted, quit the Wood ;  
Obedient Rivers as they glide,  
His wond'rous Harmony obey'd ;  
Now gently flow'd with easy Tide,  
Or furious trembled in a loud Cascade ;

## CHORUS.

*Creation listens all around,  
Such is the mighty Power of Sound.*

## AIR.

*Amphion next began to play,  
And gently stole the Heart away  
Charming Pleasure,  
Sweetest Measure;  
Love alarming  
Souls disarming,  
Gently stole the Heart away.*

## RECITATIVE.

*The Coward Chiefs who sunk with Fear,  
To find the hostile Troops were near;  
The sprightly Trumpet's Sound inspires.*

## AIR.

*With noble Ardor now they burn,  
Quick to the Charge they now return;  
Behold the frightened Foe retires.*

## ACT II.

The buxom Nymphs, and jolly Swains,  
That haunt BRITANIA's verdant Plains;  
As sprightly *May* advances,

## AIR.

*Anon the cheery Lads,  
Trips it briskly o'er the Grass,  
And gaily throws around her Glances —  
Here the blithsome Shepherds wooing,  
There the enamour'd Couple cooing;  
Hail her with her rural Dances.*

## RECITATIVE.

The spreading Oak reclin'd beneath,  
The gentle Noon-tide Air they breathe;  
'Till *Phæbus* westward drives his Steeds,  
And laughing Mirth, and rosy Wine succeed.

## AIR.

*Soft Violins to jocund Dances call,  
And as the various Measures sound,  
The merry Dancers strike the Ground;*

## RECITATIVE.

Listen, ah listen to the warbling Flute,  
Ye feather'd Choir a while be mute;  
Hither oh Goddess of the Paphian Grove,  
And all ye little Cupids move.

## AIR.

*Venus, Queen of soft Desire,  
Melt, oh! melt my Charmer's Breast;  
Must a faithful Swain expire,  
While a faithless Nymph's at rest?*

## RECITATIVE.

His Vows are heard—no more he pines—  
The Nymph again to Love inclines—

## DUET.



## DUET.

*While my Charmer thus caressing,  
Monarch's, I your Power disdain;  
Here's the Darling worth possessing,  
Sweet Reward for all my Pain.*

## RECITATIVE.

Be calm as Midnight—fair *Cecilia* sings,  
And Musick rises on her softest Wings;  
Diffusive Sweetness on her Warble floats,  
And the Heart springs dilated with her Notes.  
Attention listens, as the thirsty Ear,  
Imbibes each Thrill, and yet thirsts on to hear;  
See the charm'd Angels by her Accents bound,  
Feed on her Notes, and drink the lenient Sound.

## AIR.

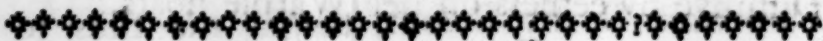
*Oh! how sweetly soft her Measure!  
Full of Harmony and Pleasure;*

*Now majestically slow,  
 Her rosy Fingers move;  
 Now rising from the Notes below,  
 She strikes the Chords above.*

GRAND CHORUS.

*Attentive Woods round Orpheus throng,  
 But Angels listen to her Song.*

S



*Address'd to a Lady (whom I had not then seen)  
 on the Day of her Marriage with a Gentle-  
 man of my Acquaintance.*

**D**EIGN gen'rous Fair, with Candor, to  
 excuse,

The bold Intrusion of a Stranger's Muse;  
 Who joyous comes with forward Zeal to pay  
 Her due Address, on this auspicious Day.  
 What tho' your Form as yet, is un-reveal'd,  
 Such Merit is too bright to be conceal'd;

Fame's fav'rite Theme is *Margarita's* Praise,  
 To *Margarita's* Fame I'll tune my Lays;  
 To her I dedicate these artless Lines,  
 In whose fair Mind her Father's Virtue shines;  
 Like his, her Soul in Virtue shines array'd,  
 "And God and Man approves the perfect  
 Maid."

This I have often heard, with high Delight,  
 This warm'd my Bosom, taught me thus to  
 Write;

While he, who happy in your kind Regard,  
 Exults, and Triumphs in the rich Reward.  
 His filial Letters often spoke your Praise,  
 And told your various Charms in various Ways;  
 But much too short, as these Expressions prove,  
 "All is too little for the Maid I love."

Such Words, the Pen, by him directed, drew,  
 Such clos'd the Periods, when he talk'd of you;  
 Then

Then justly have you smil'd upon the Youth,  
Whose Soul is fraught with Tendernefs and  
Truth ;

Whose Heart is honest, gen'rous and sincere,  
Kind to the poor, to all his Neighbours dear.  
Blest be this Day which join'd your meeting  
Hands,

With holy Vows in Wedlock's sacred Bands ;  
Pregnant with Blessings, may it oft appear,  
The Source of Joy for many a rolling Year ;  
And when the sublunary Date is past,  
(For what is Mortal cannot always last)  
May your blest Souls eternally unite,  
In Mansions of more permanent Delight.





To Mr URBAN.

S I R,

SOME few Days ago I received from a Friend, the London Magazine for last June, in which I find a Copy of Verses called An Epistle to Mrs MASTERS and her Readers. The Author I confess has drawn a black and heavy Charge against me; but sure had he considered the Word incarnate, he would have seen that CLEMENE was but an earthly Angel, and every one knows that I am not the first that have mentioned such bright Terrestrials; 'tis true I have made her the most illustrious of the fair Forms of Virtue, and perhaps the Compliment may seem to rise above the Subject, but without wresting my Sense, cannot possibly be apply'd to any higher Order than her own, and then none but the Ladies who excel her ought to be offended; for I have represented her a mere mortal Creature, indebted to a divine Being for every Perfection both of Body and Mind. As for the grave Gentleman who attacks me in the religious Mask, I believe I may, without a Breach of Charity, presume he was prompted more by Passion than Piety, and in answer to his Epistle, desire you will please to insert the following Lines in your next Magazine.

To

*To the Author of the EPISTLE.*

*To Mrs MASTERS and her READERS.*

**W**Hoe'er thou art, my nameless angry Foe,  
That hop'st unseen, to strike an en-  
vious Blow ;

In vain thou striv'st with base dissembling Art,  
To hide the secret Rancour of thy Heart.

In vain would'st black infernal Hate conceal,  
Beneath the Brightness of RELIGION'S Veil ;  
What did thy Line of *Blasphemy* intend !

Can Rage like this promote a virtuous End !  
In thy invidious Charge is plainly seen,

A lurking Enemy that vents his Spleen ;  
Wresting my Words, to Sense they ne'er design'd,  
And foreign to each candid Reader's Mind.

My honest Meaning wrong'd, in Zeal can burn,  
And present Fervor serves a present Turn ;

Then

Then in a sacred, but affected Strain,  
 Thou persecut'st the Errors of thy Brain;  
 But if thou need'st must ape the Critic's Skill,  
 For once take Counsel from a Woman's Quill;  
 And when thou next attempt'st the Censor's Page,  
 Resume thy Judgment, and renounce thy Rage;  
 Friendly Reproof my Soul, with Joy, receives,  
 But I despise the Blow that Malice gives;  
 Faults I allow in ev'ry Piece I've writ,  
 The Want of Spirit, Elegance and Wit.  
 The pointed Beauties, and the polish'd Art,  
 To raise my Verse, and charm the Reader's  
     Heart;  
 Yet need not call MYRTILLO's manly Muse,  
 To aid my Pen, and combat thy Abuse.  
 My Themes themselves, shall for their Author  
     plead,  
 And justify me from an impious Deed;

Pure

Pure are my Thoughts, from all Profaneness free,  
Awfully reverent of the Deity;

'Tis true, with warmth, I celebrate a Friend,  
And am delighted when I can commend :

While each impartial Judge to me will grant,  
What thou, my Monitor, seem'st much to want;

O, let me here the gen'rous Talent boast,  
I most am pleas'd, when I can praise the  
most.

Take not a Line or two to feed thy Spite,

But read the whole, and understand it right;

Go search, un-prejudic'd, and joy to find,

Marks of good Nature with a Christian Mind.

What tho' I fondly sung CLEMENE's Name,

And was transported with the darling Theme;

No Adoration, no false Worship's there,

No solemn Invocation made by Pray'r:



SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

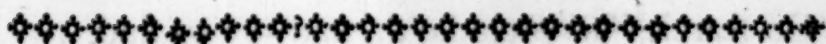
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No wonder-working Pow'r to her is giv'n,  
 Nor ought implor'd that I should ask of Heav'n.  
 I ever thought it was high Merit's due,  
 To be admir'd, belov'd, applauded too;  
 I lov'd, admir'd, and prais'd my virtuous Friend;  
 Yet knew each Grace did from her God descend;  
 I own'd the \* Spring whence all her Beauties  
 flow'd,

And lowly bow'd me to the sov'reign Good.

*Urbome, March 8, 1738-9.*

\* See CLEMENE's Character, in my first Vol. Page 34.



P S A L M CXXXVIII.

**T**O thee, my God, my choicest Lays I'll  
 bring,

And with glad Heart thy endless Mercy sing;  
 No other Pow'r will I invoke but thee,  
 To thee alone I'll bend the suppliant Knee.  
 My

My soul, my ev'ry Faculty, shall join,  
In solemn Concert, at thy sacred Shrine;  
Thy everlasting Love, thy Pow'r supreme,  
And thy eternal Truth shall be my Theme;  
For thou wast pleas'd to lend a gracious Ear,  
When prest with Woes I pour'd the fervent  
Pray'r:  
Sure I had died, but for thy kind Relief,  
Who gav'st me Strength to overcome my Grief.

O'er the wide Earth thy pow'rful Word is  
known,  
And all its Princes bow before thy Throne;  
The mightiest Monarchs own thy mightier Name,  
Who all with one Consent thy Praise proclaim.

In Heav'n thou reign'st, with dazzling Glory  
bright,  
Resplendent in thy own amazing Light!

Yet from thy awful Seat, enthron'd on High,  
Thou view'st the Humble with a gracious Eye;  
In vain the proud *Oppressers* would be heard,  
The poor *Oppress'd* shall have their Pray'rs pre-  
fer'd.

With trembling Steps I tread a dang'rous Way,  
Mark'd by my Foes to fall their certain Prey;  
I see them swift to my Destruction run,  
Un-knowing how the destin'd Ill to shun;  
Fainting and fearful, I the Mischief see,  
Void of all Hope, my God, but hope in thee!  
In vain, alas, with mild persuasive Arts,  
I strove to melt their unrelenting Hearts;  
'Tis thou alone their Fury must oppose,  
Whose Wisdom, ev'ry Spring of Passion knows.  
Thou, only, knowst the Stubborn Heart to bend,  
▲ And only thou canst sure deliv'rance send;

Support me Lord, stretch thy all-saving Arm;  
 And guard me from the near impending Harm!  
 Once, in Distress, thy friendly Aid I fought,  
 And in Distress thy friendly Aid was brought;  
 Assist me now, as thou hast done before,  
 And peace, and perfect Happiness restore;  
 My Being I receiv'd at thy Command,  
 O save the Creature of thy forming Hand;  
 Then shall my Soul thy endless Mercy sing,  
 To thee, my God, my choicest Lays I'll bring.

\*\*\*\*\*

*An EPITAPH found at Soulac, the Ancient Noviomagus, a Town in Guienne, a Province of France. It is inscribed in Latin, that carries the Marks of Roman Antiquity; it is to be met with in M. de Lourbe's Chronique de Bourdelouse, p. 5. from thence it was translated into English by the Rev. Mr T—n, and versify'd at his Request as follows.*

D. M.

**S**TAY Passenger, who curious art to know,  
 The most amazing Height of Human Woe!

Pity



Pity two faithful Lovers hapless Doom,  
Who lie enclos'd within this Marble Tomb;  
Here *Marcus Lucius* rests, and by his Side,  
I *Sardica* am plac'd, ill-fated Bride!  
Since this, my Love, will not our Griefs relate,  
Oh, take from me the Story of our Fate.  
His vital Breath he first receiv'd at *Rome*,  
And sultry *Africk* was my native Home;  
The Youth with Love, my blooming Form in-  
spir'd,  
And my fond Heart with mutual Love was fir'd.  
Oh that I ne'er the tender Tye had known,  
Or he not left fair *Africk's* Coast so soon;  
For having bravely overcome his Foes,  
He with the conqu'ring Army homeward goes;  
And I, that neither might be doom'd to grieve,  
With dearer *Lucius*, my dear country leave;  
But when embark'd, what dreadful Storms arise,  
Darken the Day, and ruffle all the Skies!

Drove by its Force, to Pirates made a Prey,  
We both are sold: But oh! a diff'rent Way;  
To *Noviomagus*, now, a Slave I'm brought,  
But *Lucius* by another Master bought:  
Divided in our Lots; unequal Chance!  
To *Lusitania* He, and I to *France*;  
In various Seas, and to a distant Shore,  
Eleven long Years he tugs the lab'ring Oar:  
O vile employ!—My Love, approach more near,  
While I thy hard, thy cruel Fate declare.

To many Masters now he falls by Turns,  
But, still a Slave, his wretched Bondage mourns.  
One fav'ring Night he broke his Chains at last,  
And to the Ocean's Side in secret past.  
In Woods and Wilds at Liberty he roves,  
And treads at large the unfrequented Groves;  
Till, carelessly secure, too far he stray'd,  
And by a Band of Thieves was Captive made.  
Detain'd,

Detain'd, alas ! in their injurious Hands,  
And forc'd to execute their base Commands:  
By them he's Sold, after he'd borne a while,  
Their harsh Injunctions, and their lawless Toil :  
Sold to my Master's Son, whose Vessel near  
To the *Dalmatian* Coast, then chanc'd to Steer ;  
To this lov'd Son my Master, ever kind,  
Me for a Wife, at his return design'd.  
He comes, I run, as Custom bids, to meet,  
And with a Kiss th' intended Husband greet:  
But his new Servant, following, near I view,  
And stop, surpriz'd, as if the Man I knew ;  
Tho' pale and wasted, yet the much lov'd Face,  
Through all the languid Lineaments I trace !  
Tumultuous Joy, my flutt'ring Spirits press,  
I faint, I almost die, with its Excess !  
To my Support the ravish'd *Lucius* flies,  
And dost thou live ! — My long lost Dear he cries ;

Struck with a Sight so strange, all stood amaz'd;  
On him, on me, and on each other gaz'd;  
Till by my Master's Order I relate,  
The Story of our Love's disastrous Fate:  
The sad Narration, soft Compassion moves,  
He hears, he pities, and will bless our Loves;  
He kindly says that *Lucius* shall be mine,  
And Marriage Rites our faithful Hands shall  
join;

O give me Joy! the happy Day is set,  
'Tis come, the Feast prepar'd, our Friends are  
met;

At Dinner plac'd, and full of sweet Content;  
But now attend the wonderful Event!  
A youth in our adjoining Orchard sees  
A perching Bird, among the neighb'ring Trees:  
In the next House he stood, — his Bow he drew,  
The fatal Arrow through the Casement flew;

Alas



Alas, for me, and this poor suff'ring dear!

Tears drown my Words!—Ah, *Lucius*, draw  
more near.

While now we feast, with innocent Delight,  
He shoots, and kills us in each other's Sight.  
We both are struck with one relentless Dart,  
Which pierc'd with deadly Point thro' either  
Heart;

To us at last this dreadful Chance befel,  
And is, I think, what *Sardica* would tell.

\*\*\*\*\*

*The EXPOSTULATION and RESOLUTION.*

**W**HENCE is the pensive Thought  
which thus supplies,

With ready Tears, my over-flowing Eyes?

What Cares are these my sinking Spirits press?

Why melts my Bosom with a soft Distress?

Why

Why heaves my Heart with un-accustom'd  
Weight,

As if it dreaded some impending Fate!

Can such Uneasiness from Friendship flow?

Can that pure Spring send forth a Stream of  
Woe!

That healing Pow'r, that smiling heav'nly Guest,

Which brings new Pleasures to the joyful Breast;

That Ease of Ills, Affliction's best Relief,

Which casts a Brightness o'er the Gloom of  
Grief.

Yet sure from hence my present Pains arise,

No perfect Bliss is found beneath the Skies;

No Happiness un-mixt, 'tis all allay'd,

As fairest Days are overcast with Shade.

Nor is it strange we here some Sorrow prove,

Since Friendship is the near Ally of Love;

Deceit in this will pierce the Heart that's kind,

And Separation wound the tender Mind.

When, but with Life, should their Complains  
ings end,

Who mourn the Death, or Treach'ry of a Friend?

But whither would my wayward Fancy rove!

Oh, why on fading Objects fix my Love?

Tho' stain'd with Falsehood, One, ungrateful,  
fled,

Tho' good CLEMENE tho' CAMILLA's dead;

Yet some remain, with Truth and Virtue grac'd,

In whose Esteem I still am highly plac'd;

But had they all, alike, unfaithful prov'd;

Or all had dy'd, yet why so much be mov'd?

Why for the Loss of earthly Friends repine,

So *much befriended* by the Pow'r Divine?

Does not my God, with kind paternal Eye,

And bounteous Hand, my ev'ry Want supply!

My Guardian, he in deepest Shades of Night,

My safe Protector in the Day's broad Light;

'Tis

**'Tis he bestows Health, Raiment, Food, and  
Friends,**

And ev'ry *perfect* Gift from him descends.

**Then far above all Creatures will I rise,**

And to the great CREATOR lift my Eyes;

**My fervent Praise shall reach his radiant Throne,**

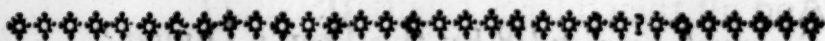
And all my Joys be fixt in him alone.

My Soul sublimer Pleasures shall receive,

Than this low World with all its Charms can  
give;

**In calm Content Life's peaceful Hours I'll waste.**

And cheerfully prepare to meet the last.



*An HYMN intended to be sung on EASTER-DAY.*

## RECITATIVE.

**A** H! whence these dreadful Peals of Thunder,

That seem to shake the World afunder;



SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

299

Behold along the Sky,  
The darted Lightnings fly;  
And show beneath a horrid Gloom;  
'Tis Earth and Heav'n laments our Loss,  
In Jesus bleeding on the Cross;  
Now laid quite low within his Tomb.

CHORUS.

*How great, how wond'rous great and good,  
To spill for us his precious Blood.*

RECITATIVE.

But see the Sun darts forth his Rays,  
And shines again with stronger Blaze;  
Bright Angels joyful throng around,  
And all their Harps celestial Sound!  
Blest Jesus quits his mortal Shrowds,  
And rides triumphant on the Clouds.

CHORUS.

*Only Darling Son of God,  
Welcome to this blest Abode.*

Allelujah.

S

PSALM

## P S A L M CIV.

**A**Wake my Soul, with all thy Pow'rs record,

In lofty Strains, the Praises of the Lord;  
To him be everlasting Honour giv'n,  
Who shines in all the Majesty of Heav'n.  
Eternal! with essential Splendor bright,  
En-rob'd in Veils of un-approached Light;  
Who can endure the strong effulgent Rays,  
That ceaseless from the glorious Godhead blaze!  
From him the Skies their first Existence found,  
Which, Curtain-like expand their Folds around;  
Descending now he rests upon the Deeps,  
And now the Clouds with passing Glory sweeps:  
Submissive Winds receive him on their Wings,  
And fly triumphant with the KING OF KINGS.

Near

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 301

Near thee, their God, th' Angelic Spirits stand,  
Active as Light they run, at thy Command;  
Each ready Minister obedient flies,  
Bright as the Flames that from thy Altars rise:  
Loud, at thy Call, they bid the Whirl-wind  
blow,

And blazing with destructive Lightnings go;  
To execute thy Will, their sole employ,  
The Good to save, the Wicked to destroy.

The Earth by thee was fixt with wond'rous  
Art,  
From its firm Basis never to depart;  
A liquid covering hides the solid Ground,  
Like flowing Robes that ev'ry Part furround;  
From Dale to Dale the gath'ring Waters glide,  
Climb o'er the Hills, and swell on ev'ry Side;

'Till

'Till check'd by thee, a diff'rent Course they  
try,  
Thou speak'st in Thunder, and they frighted fly;  
Some down the Hills with rapid Torrent flow,  
Some slumber peaceful in the Vales below.  
Call'd by their Lord, the scatter'd Floods obey,  
And to the future Ocean take their Way;  
There fixt as with an Adamantine Chain,  
Th' impatient Billows tofs and rave in vain;  
Check'd by thy Nod, restrain'd by thy Command,  
With empty Menaces they threat the Land.

From thee maternal Springs their Orders take,  
Whose copious Streamings, plenteous Rivers  
make;  
Among the Hills the murm'ring Waters stray,  
Meand'ring glide, and wind a devious Way;

All



All the wild Tenants of the shelt'ring Wood,  
Impell'd by Thirst, seek out the quenching  
Flood;

Their Thirst allay'd, lift up their grateful Eyes,  
As conscious who dispens'd the kind Supplies,  
Nurst by the gliding Stream, th' aspiring Trees  
Of ev'ry vary'd Verdure, catch the Breeze;  
The chearful Birds amidst the Branches play,  
There Chaunt their Morning, and their Ev'ning  
Lay.

High on the Mountains Tops, the verdant  
Plains,  
Drink the mild Dews, and soft-descending Rains;  
The World is fill'd with thy unbounded Store,  
And universal Nature feels thy Pow'r!

The Herds and Flocks spontaneous Herbs sus-  
tain,

But cultivated Nature teems for Man;

He

He Plants, and Plows, and Sows, the fertile Field,  
Then reaps the sweet Supports his Labours yield;  
The curling Vines, the clust'ring Grapes produce,  
And glads his Heart with their inspiring Juice;  
While the green Olive, to reward his Toil,  
And smooth his Brow, affords the fat'ning Oil;  
Bread to his Heart new Strength and Vigour gives,  
And all from thee he thankfully receives.

On Lebanon, with vital Moisture fed,  
Their mighty Boughs, the tow'ring Cedars spread;  
Luxuriant in eternal Verdure grow,  
And stretch their Shadows to the Vale below;  
There Birds of various Plumage take their Rest,  
In lofty Firs the Stork erects her Nest;  
Upon the Hills the wanton Goats are spread,  
And smaller Beasts among the Rocks are fed.

The Sun and Moon their stated Journies take,  
And by thy Rules the changing Seasons make;

When

When Night's dark Shades involve the radiant  
Skies,

Then all the Dwellers of the Forest rise.

The hungry Lions, roaring, hunt their Prey,

'Till the bright Sun brings back revolving Day;

From his detecting Beams each prowling Beast,

Runs to his Den, and takes the needed Rest.

But Man for nobler Purposes was born,

He wakes, and rises, with the op'ning Morn;

Forth to his useful Labour then he goes,

'Till Ev'ning Shades recall him to repose.

In all thy Works the Rays of Wisdom shine,  
In all appear a Plenitude Divine!

The fruitful Earth is richly stor'd by thee,

And thou hast made the Wonders of the Sea;

Where bulky Ships to distant Ports consign'd,

Float on the Waves, and fly before the Wind.

There living Forms of ev'ry Kind appear,  
And huge Leviathans are sporting there ;  
All these from thee their daily Succours crave,  
All these from thee their daily Succours have,  
Millions of Creatures, both by Sea and Land,  
Take in their Food from thy sufficing Hand ;  
Thy Hand with-drawn, astonish'd Millions lie  
Prostrate on Earth, pine, sicken, faint, and die ;  
Thy Frown Dis-peoples Ocean, Earth and Air,  
And blasted Systems wither in Despair ;  
But absent thou, if thou couldst absent be,  
What dreadful Desolation should we see !  
Thy animating Breath sustains the whole,  
Its Life, its Spirit, its informing Soul ;  
When smiling Grace speaks out th' omnific Word,  
Nature, enraptur'd, springs to meet her Lord.

Beyond whate'er can be by Language taught,  
Beyond the utmost Flight of Human Thought ;



In Glory infinite, in Pow'r supreme,  
Blest in thy self, eternally the same;  
Pleas'd with thy perfect Work thou reign'st alone,  
And subject Seraphs bow before thy Throne.

Aw'd by a Look, the trembling Earth retires,  
And touch'd, the Mountains groan, and burst  
in Fires;

So great is God! so strikes the sinking Sense,  
With the full Blaze of dread Omnipotence;  
But Mercy's milder Glories fix their Rays,  
And lift the Worshippers from Fear to Praise.

When e'er I sing, as long as Life remains,  
His mighty Name shall dignify my Strains;  
In him alone shall terminate my Joys,  
Far off, henceforth, be Vanity and Toys.  
Delight and Peace attend on Virtue's Ways,  
His Bliss is most sublime, who best obeys;

But they who dare his Ire, his Laws defy,  
 Despis'd shall live, and un-lamented die;  
 A while they shine, but soon shall set in Shame,  
 Nor leave a Race behind, nor leave a Name.

Awake my Soul, wake ev'ry tuneful String,  
 And to thy God with holy Rapture sing;  
 Let all his Works one solemn Concert raise,  
 And loudly sing their great Creator's Praise.

O praise the Lord, as long as Life remains,  
 His mighty Name shall dignify my Strains;  
 His Praise shall quiver on my fault'ring Breath,  
 And form my first sweet Anthem after Death.



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*The Author intended to have closed this Volume with the foregoing Psalm, but at the Request of some of her Friends, consented to add the six following familiar Letters.*

L E T T E R I.

*Miss ——— to M A R I A.*

*Dear Madam,*

I Am quite ashamed of my Negligence in having so long deferr'd writing to you, but really I have been much engag'd ever since my Return to this Place.

As you are so near *London*, I hope I shall have the Pleasure of conversing with you in a more agreeable Manner than with the Pen, which I am very ill qualified for. I wish I could hear Miss *Carter* was in Town, for I dare say that would bring you.

We at present hear of nothing but the Finery of the Court on the Birth, and in the City on Lord Mayor's Day; as to the first one might well have imagined one's self at *Paris*, had there not been too much of the *English* Extravagance mixt with the

Show of the *French*; but as we desire to be like them in all Things but their Frugality, I fear our Pockets will soon force us to imitate them throughout.

O! *Maria*, I am extremely happy, for I have full Liberty to range in the Study at all Times, and take my Choice out of Numbers: I go in with a more keen Appetite than to Dinner, but alas, this affords matter of Grief, for half the Beauties my treacherous Memory lets go, and perhaps at the same Time is full of some trifling Part; O! how I wish for Judgment to chuse the best, and then for a faithful Memory to keep it.

You know we had once a Discourse about Men and Women; and I think we agreed their Education only was the Cause; Now I do believe we excel in different Ways: I must own Strength of Judgment belongs more to Men, more I say, not only, and a quicker Apprehension to us; thus I never heard of any Woman that was a good Orator, tho' the Speech of a *Roman* Lady to her Son, when he was besieging his own City, was perhaps, you will say, more moving than the Orations of *Cicero*;

I own



I own it, but the Reason is plain, it was adapted to the Passions, and whatever is so, is too sure to prevail; I instanc'd I believe in the finest that ever was made by Woman, but this you find was calculated to affect the common Sort, but would have had little Weight with the truly Wise. Well, tho' we can't pretend to Oratory, which by the Way don't belong to us; yet if we improve our Understandings to the best of our Power, and will be but content to act in our own Sphere, without aiming at what is beyond us; we shall be far enough from being despicable, even in their Eyes who fancy themselves so much above us.

I have not a Moment to spare, so hope this incoherent Piece will be acceptable.

Dear MARIA,

*Yours, &c.*

## L E T T E R II.

M I R A to Miss ———.

*Dear Madam,*

**H**AD I follow'd my Inclination, you had long since received this Trifle; but your very dilatory Returns to my expeditious ones, give me room to believe they are design'd for an Example to me, and I have practis'd a mortifying Piece of Self-denial in order to comply with it; yet have waited something long than I intended for an Opportunity of sending by a Friend, and would you, to convince me that I am mistaken in my Conjecture of your Design in your long Silence, write within a Day or two after the Reception of this, and direct it for me to be left at — in *Cheapside*; the Bearer of this will bring it safe.

I have no Hopes of seeing the Town this Year, could I come with any torlerable Convenience, Miss —'s Company, tho' but for one Day, would be a strong Inducement.

Your

Your Account of the grand, and gay Appearance in the Court and City, with your judicious Remark, was extremely pleasing, and I fear has too much prophetic Truth in it.

Give me leave, Madam, to congratulate you on your Freedom of the Study, which I am positive you are well qualify'd to make the best Use of; your Papa's Indulgence, in this is one Proof of his good Judgment; I know on other Occasions he has given numberless Instances of it, and I think you beyond Expression, happy in being the Daughter of such a Father; may you long enjoy the Blessing with every other Good.

I still retain my Opinion, that the Difference between Men and Women, with Regard to the Faculties of the Mind, (or rather the Manner of exerting those Faculties) proceeds only from the Difference of Education; and you must excuse me, my dear Miss ———, if I so far dissent from your Opinion, as to believe our Sex are as well qualify'd for Oratory as the other, and that few have appeared so, may probably, in some Measure, be owing to the Customs peculiar to each Sex, their different Cares  
and

and Employments; and it is possible the Ladies may have been more negligent, of this Excellence, as Women, for obvious Reasons, are excluded from bearing public Offices, and have no occasion to speak in the Senate House, or the Courts of Judicature, except as Evidences; and if some few have appeared as Pleaders, it has been where the strongest Motives of Nature or Interest have forced them to break through those Rules which the female Sex are generally expected to observe, and then consequently they address'd themselves to the Passions, to move and melt the Hearts of their Hearers, in order to obtain their Suit, in which they generally succeeded; but you will allow it required a right Judgment to make a proper Address. I can't forbear adding, that if you will peruse the Volumes published by Mrs ASTIL, ROWE, COCKBURN, and some other Authors of the same Sex, you will find them no way wanting in Strength of Judgment, pertinent Expression, or elegance of Style: and yet I agree with you that each Sex have their Excellencies, tho' I am not so well acquainted with them as to point them



them out, that being a Task more proper for those whose Minds have been more liberally cultivated than mine, and whose Manner of living is more indulgent to Reflection; for it is literally true that I have not, for several Months past, had an Opportunity of writing a single Letter, but in Company with other Persons; this I hope will be a sufficient Apology, for I have scarce written two Lines without being interrupted by continual Questions.

The conclusion of yours is justly conceived and well express'd, and I would say more to it were I not stinted by the Limits of my Paper; but it is lucky enough for you, since by this Confinement, you will be freed from the further Impertinence of dear Madam,

*Yours, &c.*

MARIA

. L E T.

## L E T T E R III.

*Miss ——— to MARIA.**Dear MARIA,*

**A**S soon as I received your kind Letter I determined not to neglect this Opportunity of writing to you, tho' I fear it must be a short Epistle, as I am much engaged at present, and cannot, like you, write in Company.

I am sorry an Omission of mine should deprive me so long of the Pleasure of hearing from you; alas, there is nothing in me worth imitating, but most certainly not my Faults, one of which I own was not writing sooner to you. I was in Hopes you would not have been led by a bad Example to do what you so justly blame in me, but since you have follow'd so far, I expect when I set a good one which I think I am now doing that you should Copy it more readily, *pray remember that.*

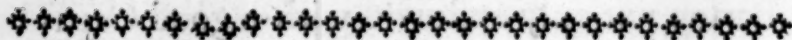
You say you retain your Opinion, and so do I, for if there had not been a superiority of Understanding, the Government and Business

finess of the World would never have fallen into their Hands at first, much less have continued so fixt and immoveable ever since. By this I don't mean all Men are naturally above us, the Fops, nay others much their betters, we may without Vanty think below us; but then I question whether these deserve the Name of Men: I am sure in my Sense of the Word, they do not, for by that Appellation, I mean a Person not only endow'd with a good Capacity at his Birth, but one who has employ'd all his Time in improving his Genius, by all the Helps that Men and Books can give. What Woman ever came up to such a Man in any Thing they undertook? How does all female Poets fall short of MILTON, and many more vastly his Inferiors. But Time will not permit me to add much more, so will conclude this Argument, which is much above me, with saying that I think our Sex may be happy in their own Sphere, and improve the Advantages Nature has given them, which are many, and great ones too, to the utmost, and that I fancy will be full Employment for threescore and ten Years; and then, (and not before) if they

they are upon strict Enquiry found equal to the Men, they may begin to contend for the Preference, the small Remainder of their Days.

And here I must leave off, after having wrote what I should call a long Letter to any Body but dear *Maria*, to whom,

*I am, &c.*



## L E T T E R IV.

M A R I A to Miss ———.

*Dear Madam,*

I Should sooner have answered your obliging Letter, had I not been seiz'd with a violent Cold, which rendered me incapable of all Application; nor am I yet entirely free from the Effects of this uncivil Distemper, which has very much clouded my thinking Faculties, and made my Head more stupid than ever; consequently you must expect a very dull Epistle; but I would  
not



not defer it any longer lest you should say I was more ready to follow a bad Example than a good one.

Upon my Word, my dear Miss —, you are quite a Heroine for the other Sex, and have given several manly Pushes in their Favour, but I can't persuade myself to leave you mistress of the Field, and desert the fair Cause of the Ladies, without exerting myself a little further in their Defence: and you must excuse me, Madam, if I presume to think that your Argument concerning the Government of the World, tho' a specious one, is not sufficient to prove a superiority of Understanding in Men: you may as well say a Horse has more Sagacity than a Man, because he is able to carry heavier Burdens, and endure greater Hardships; so Men, by a superior Strength of Body, *not of Mind*, are qualified to bear the Toils of State, the Fatigue of Travel, the Labors of a Siege, and the Inclemencies of the Seas, which Women by Child-bearing, and the natural Weakness of their Sex, are render'd unfit for: and yet if we look into History, we shall sometimes meet with a Lady at the Head of an Army, commanding

ing with as much Intrepidity, as the most daring of the other Sex; which plainly shews we don't want Courage, that being distinct from bodily Strength.

Nor are we incapable of being able Counsellors (however trifling some may think of us) Cities and Kingdoms have often been preserv'd by the Policy and Prudence of one Woman, when all the Male Inhabitants could find out no Scheme to save themselves from Destruction. *Peter the Great*, Czar of *Muscovy*, was delivered from the most eminent Danger, by the ready Advice of his Consort, when the strictest Consultation of his ablest Ministers prov'd ineffectual.

I have all the Deference imaginable for *Milton*, and think his *Paradise Lost* cannot be too much admir'd, but yet am of Opinion that several Female Authors have in their Works, Thoughts as sublime as his can possibly be, and Descriptions as natural, as strong and as beautiful as his, tho' they have not wrote a Poem of the same Length, or upon the same Plan. Nor need we wait the tedious Term of *seventy* Years to prove what *seventeen* would easily demonstrate,  
were

were an equal Number of Girls and Boys put under the Care of the same Master, to be educated exactly alike, and to pursue the same Exercise out of the School as well as in it: for I am of Opinion that the different Diversions and Employments of each Sex, cause a very different Operation in the Mind. But without the Advantage such an Experiment would give, many of our Sex have discovered enough to prove my Assertion: *Socrates*, the wisest of the Ancients, owns himself indebted to *Diotime* for his best Instructions in Philosophy: the Composers of the *Greek* Alphabet had, as I am well inform'd, a Female Assistant, and at this Instant there is a Lady in *France*, who at twenty two Years of Age was admitted a Member in the Academy of Sciences, and her Lectures were always attended to with the utmost deference, not by way of Complaisance, but for their Beauty, Strength and Perspicuity; and tho' I can't at this Distance of Time, particularize the Subject, yet I remember one was mentioned in the public Papers, very singular and abstruse, which was treated of by the brightest Members of that learned Society,

Y

with

with all their Skill and emulative Ardor; and the young Lady was allowed by all that venerable Body, and by every Person present, to have set the Matter in the best and clearest Light, and that her Argument was not only the most elegant, but the most agreeable to Truth and right Reason.

Numberless Instances might be quoted to my Purpose, but this single one is alone sufficient to prove there is no natural Inferiority in the rational Capacity, which is all I am contending for; and yet I can't forbear adding, that the Lady who attain'd the papal Dignity, under the Habit of a Man, helps also to prove that we are by Nature, in what depends upon the rational System, qualify'd for the highest Offices; and the infinite wise Author of our Being, knowing the Pride and Vanity of Man's Heart, how apt he would be to run into the supercilious Error of a natural Superiority of Understanding, and how earnestly he would endeavour to inculcate the same Notion in the contrary Sex (in order to gain a false Adoration) seems, to me, to have guarded against it by putting the Children of *Israel*, his own, his favorite People, a numerous, powerful and warring



warring Nation, under the sole Government of a Woman; and the noblest Princes of *Judah* unanimously submitted to their great Mistress DEBORAH. This above all Things fixes my Notion of a natural Equality, and a Preference I am not pleading for: nor would I be look'd upon as an Enemy to the present Establishment, nor One that has an Inclination to break through that Order and Government which has so long prevail'd in the World; for, were I able to do it, I would not wrest the Power out of those Hands, in which, for many Reasons, I think it justly placed; but must still insist that a *Woman is equal to a Man*, as being of the same Species, and endow'd with every Faculty which distinguishes him from the Brutes. Yet I allow every Husband to be superior to his Wife, as a King is superior to every Subject, by his royal Authority, but considered in his natural Capacity, many of his Subjects may be superior to him; so every Husband is superior to his Wife, *not as a Man*, but as a *Husband*, being made so by the Nature of the Contract: and while he governs by Law and Equity, every Woman ought to pay a chearful and ready Obedience;

bedience; but should he grow tyrannical, and by Violence, and Cruelty, distress and make miserable the Subject he has sworn to cherish and preserve with Care and Indulgence, I own I am so much a *Whig* in my matrimonial as well as political Principles, that *passive Obedience*, and *non-resistance* should be no Part of my Creed.

Before I conclude, I beg Leave to add, that would Women set a just Value upon themselves, they would be more esteemed by the *Men*; and in case of Marriage, Esteem would be found the truest Foundation of Happiness, as it is of Reputation and Satisfaction in a single State. By a just Value, I don't mean an over-weening self-conceit, but a due Consideration of the Dignity of our Nature, and that we are not made purely to please the other Sex, as some Men would insinuate; but for the same noble Purposes with themselves, to serve the same God while we are Here, and to enjoy him Hereafter; and the surest way to gain Esteem, is to merit it by a just improvement of the rational Faculties, and the Practice of every Virtue.

I ask

I ask Pardon for the tiresome length of this impertinent Scroll, but could not forbear speaking my Thoughts freely on the Subject, tho' I am sensible how much it suffers by a Pen like mine.

*I am, dear Miss ——'s*

*Affectionate and oblig'd,*

MARIA.

*It is several Years since the preceding Letters were written, but having lately been oblig'd by an Italian Gentleman with a List of some of his learned country Women, I here take the Liberty of offering it publicly (in his own Words) to my Correspondent.*

**A**T Milan lives the Countess Clelia Borromea, Sister to the Prince Grillo of Genoa ; she was the Correspondent of the Queen Dowager of Spain from her earliest Age, and for that Reason (as it is supposed) was exiled out of the Austrian Dominions

in *Italy*, during the last War. She is a most learned Lady in every Branch of Literature, and in *Italy* few Men, if any, are equal to her; the *Italians* allow her to be the greatest Mathematician their Country has produced, except *Galileo* and *Manfredi*.

In the same City live two other famous Ladies, one is *Gabriella Agnesi*, skilled in Algebraic Computations, and experimental Philosophy; the other is the Countess *Tullia Francesca Bizetti Imbonati*, a Lyrick Poetess.

At *Bologna* lives *Laura Catterina Bassi*, Professor of experimental Philosophy, in the University of that City; which is better furnished with learned Professors than any other *Italian* University.

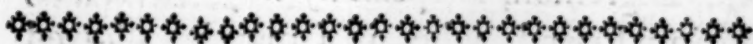
At *Guastalla* lives *Gaetana Ronchi*, and *Lionora Giorgi*, both Lyric Poetesses.

At *Venice* lives *Lovisa Bergalli Gozzi*, a Lady distinguished for her Lyric and satirical Poetry, and for her Translation of *Terence's* Plays.

A long List of the poetical Works of the *Italian* Ladies of old, may be found in *Fontanini's* Catalogue of ancient *Italian* Books. The two most famous in my Opinion, are *Moderata Fonte* (of whom we have twelve Cantos



Cantos of an Epic Poem, and her Death has depriv'd us from having it compleated) and *Gaspara Stanpa* whose Lyric Works were some Years ago collected, and printed, by the abovementioned *Lovisa Bergalli Gozzi*. This *Gaspara Stanpa* is reckon'd equal, if not superior, to *Petrarca* himself.



## L E T T E R V.

To Mrs L——l.

Mādam,

**Y**OUR ingenious and endearing Letter to Mrs G——, with your welcome Favour to myself, I have read with great Pleasure. The Office of Secretary assign'd me, at this Time, is doubly agreeable, first as I can give you the happy Information of your dear Relation's returning Health, and next as I have the Opportunity of addressing myself to a Lady of your superior Understanding; for tho' I know I am unequal to the Task, yet the Employ-

ment is pleasing while I can hope to give you Pleasure: and I am encouraged in it by the Complaisance you have already shewn me, and by reflecting that the most elevated Minds are always the most affable and condescending; Persons of the greatest Merit being ever ready to favour the least appearance of it in others. But I will leave this Digression, to speak by way of Answer, for my Friend, who, if I may be allowed the Expression, feels something more than Pleasure in the Perusal of your delighting Epistles; especially such as your last, which brings an Account of your Health, and the Enjoyment of so many other Blessings, from whence she can easily infer that your Moral and Philosophical Observations are far from being the Result of a gloomy Melancholy, or a Temper hurt by incidental Evils, but the natural Effects of a Dignity of Thought, by which the Soul rises above the Vanities of this Life: and having thoroughly considered all that can be call'd Happiness here, sets no greater Value upon it than what it really deserves.—She sees, how mix'd, how mutable, how transitory are its greatest Felicities, and fixes her Views on those which  
are

are boundless, and durable as herself: pure, celestial and inconceivably great! where her largest Desires will be fully answered; for you are certainly right, Madam, in supposing that Heaven has to every Propensity form'd a suitable, satisfying, Object, and Experience shews *this World has it not*.—Consequently they must be happiest who expect it only where it is to be found: not that they are dead to the Blessings bestowed upon them; but to Persons of this happy Turn, the Edge of Disappointment is wholly taken off, or greatly blunted; but I grow tedious on this Subject, so shall quit it to speak something more particular of Mrs G——, whose Health, as I said in the first Part of my Letter, is returning; but I must add here, by slow Degrees, her Spirits in her present Illness have been lower than usual, but now she begins to recover them, and a violent Inflammation that was in her Blood is considerably abated. She continues to take cooling Powders, and drinks Asses Milk in a Morning, which we hope will have the desired Success; but as to growing *fat*, I believe it is only the Air of *Cornwal* can produce so extraordinary an Effect

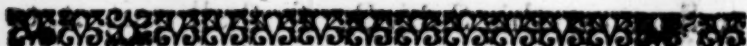
Effect, and that is a Medicine far out of her reach; too far for her any more to expect the Enjoyment of its salutary Influence.

Mrs G——, and the Sheriff joins in due Compliments, and I am with all that is respectful,

*Madam, your much oblig'd*

*Humble Servant,*

M. MASTERS.



## L E T T E R VI.

To S O P H I A.

*Dear Madam,*

**I** Once heard of a Clergyman who, at a certain Cathedral, was daring enough to preach a Sermon of another Man's making; the Chancellor being present, invited the Preacher to dine with him, and happening to know the Composition, was so free as to tell the Gentleman it was not of his own making:



making : to which he readily reply'd ' True  
' Sir, but it is a better than I could have  
' made ;' I shall now act upon the same  
Principle ; and by this Night's Post enter-  
tain you with the Copy of a Letter, I lately  
receiv'd from a Gentleman who favours me  
with his Correspondence.

To Mrs MARY MASTERS.

Madam,

**T**IS a long while since my Last, but  
really Fevers attack me so frequent-  
ly that they scarce leave me Intervals for  
giving my Friends the melancholy Story ;  
for want of Power to sleep sound a-Nights,  
and be active a-Days ; my Life, at best, is  
little better than a Dream, of which I send  
you a kind of Parenthesis : perhaps from a  
Comparison of the Light with the Shade,  
you may learn to which of the twenty four  
Hours to refer it ; 'twere certainly imper-  
tinent to intimate that *Noon* disclaims it. —  
I imagined myself convey'd by an invisible  
Hand through a Valley not enlightened with  
a single

a single Ray, but opening on a Vista, on which lay just Light enough to discover that it led to a large beautiful Building, at which I soon arrived, read on the Front 'The *Temple of Nature*'; was received by the *Power* herself, who sat in the Porch, and by her committed to a venerable Personage, who informed me he was the *Human Genius*, passing me into the Hand of *Truth*, who undertook to shew me the *Temple of Nature*; a charming Instructor I found her, but not always compliant with my Inclination; frequently would she check my Curiosity, sometimes sharply reprove it, and was oblig'd, almost every Moment to repeat the Admonition: 'Trust for something 'to hereafter;' contemplate, said she, the Scene now before you; the Scene was this; the Human Race under the *Genius*; some walking, some running, some capering, and some standing still, in a large Apartment of the Building; the Caperers diverted me more than a little for a while; but the Humourous soon yielded to a dreadful Astonishment; upon observing that the Floor, on which they bounded, was *Glass*; I gazed  
however

however in Silence, till I perceived it give way in several Places, and let in the Dancers. To some of my fervent Enquiries, my *Teacher* answered, that this was the Apartment of Human Life ; and bid me take notice particularly, that the Floor ofteneft flew beneath the *Dancers* and *Standers-still*, though not feldom under the *Runners* and *Walkers*; these Remarks indeed I had made, and saw it reasonable to suppose that the *Glass* must necessarily yield sooner to the *Standing-weight*, and to the *violent Motion*, than to a *gentle Exercise* ; but great was my Impatience to know what was become of those who had fallen through ! *Truth* takes me down to the next Story, shewed me all for whom I had been concerned, fast asleep upon an *Earthen Floor* ; this Floor, said my *Informer*, is the Dominion of *Death*, whom you see yonder striking against the Bottom of the *Glass Pavement*. See how it flies ! —How they fall ! —He generally strikes under the Feet of such as are in *moderate Exercise*, the rest find their way through without him. —Observe how still the Pavement that just now founded over you ; it has let through

through all it held. That Moment a Trumpet was blown through the Apartment in which we stood; at the Sound of which Numbers awoke, amazingly transform'd, and appearing like so many Angels. A *Woman*, the most ravishing Object that ever commanded Attention, appeared with a Sceptre, inviting the Company to follow her. They waited her Motions with Raptures of Impatience; on a *golden Ladder*, which I now *first* beheld; she ascended before, and all persued. Come, said *Truth*, let us climb and look in after them. I obeyed, and behold the *Pavement of Glass* was either removed, or it was converted into *Gold set with Diamonds*, and much elevated! The Company were all sat down upon Thrones; and a *Godlike Personage*, with the *Image of a Cross* at his side, sat throned in the midst of them! I passionately exclaimed 'this is Heaven!' and was for leaping on to the glittering Pavement; but *Truth* made me descend, and, as I supposed, to observe the Multitudes that were left asleep on the Earthen Floor. But lo! that, and the Multitudes were all vanished!

I en-



I enquired whither? *Truth* assured me they had all been judged, and condemned; Scenes which I could not have borne to survey, and which, for that Reason, *Mercy*, who led the Train up the *Ladder*, had bid her conceal from me. I begged to know the Lot of the condemn'd: they are said *Truth*, driven down by *Justice* into a Cavern, the lowest Part of this Building; of which *Mercy* bid me give you only this Hint. I was siezed with Pity and Horror, and, awaking from my Trance, perceived myself *standing-still* on the *Glass-Pavement*; on which that you, Mr *Johnson*, and Mr *Hawksworth* (to whom affectionately remember me) may long be in *Motion*, wishes most sincerely your and their *Jos. G—*.

If my dear *Sophia* reads the above Transcript with as much Satisfaction as I did the Original, it will please me to know it.

The Time is hastening when we must all lie down and sleep on the *Earthen Floor*; and it matters not whether soon or late, if, at our waking, we may be admitted into the Palace with the *glittering Pavement*, and felicitated with a Seat near the glorious King  
di-

distinguished by the Cross: through whose all-sufficient Merits, and powerful Intercession (there being no other Mediator besides him) an Eternity of Happiness is humbly hoped for by

**MARY MASTERS.**

**F I N I S.**